VOL. XXIV, No. 3 JANUARY, 1927 No. 9

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HARVARD COLLEGE
JAN 8 1927

THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY

PUBLISHED BY
THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The Theosophical Quarterly

Subscription price, $1.00 per annum; single copies 25 cents
Published by The Theosophical Society
at 64 Washington Mews, New York, N. Y.
July; October; January; April
Address all communications to P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York

In Europe, single copies may be obtained from and subscriptions may be sent to John M. Watkins, 21 Cecil Court, Charing Cross Road, London, W. C. 2, England; or to Mr. E. H. Lincoln, 4 Sunningdale Avenue, Walker, Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, from whom all back numbers may be obtained. Annual subscription price, 6s., postpaid.

CONTENTS OF VOL. XXIV, NO. 3

January, 1927

	PAGE
NOTES AND COMMENTS	193
FRAGMENTS	203
DAWN OF INDIVIDUALITY IN THE MINERAL KINGDOM, II	204
THOUGHT, PURPOSE AND CREATION	212
DELPHI	221
LA FRANCE ETERNELLE	231
THE MONADOLOGY OF LEIBNIZ, I	241
EVEN WE REUBENS HAVE OUR CHANCE	254
BRIHAD ARANYAKA UPANISHAD	258
ON THE SCREEN OF TIME	267
LETTERS TO STUDENTS	278
REVIEWS	283
QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS	286

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

Entered as second-class matter September 5, 1923, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

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A Visit to the Buddha

SOMETHING has been said of the relation of Siddhartha the Compassionate to the Masters, according to the Suttas and more modern witnesses. A living Aryan Master speaks of the Buddha as "our great Patron," and tells his correspondent that "when our great Buddha, the Patron of all the Adepts, reached first Nirvana on earth, he became a Planetary Spirit," adding that from the Planetary Spirits and from the Buddha the Masters of Wisdom learn of the mysteries beyond the cosmic veil.

There would seem to be an echo of this august relation between the Buddha and the Masters in one of the Suttas, which is called the Sutta of the questions of Sakka. Sakka is the Pali form of the Sanskrit, Shakra, a title bestowed in the hymns of the Rig Veda upon Indra, the Lord of the Vedic divinities. The name is derived from a root meaning "be able, can," and its significance is, "He who has power."

In the Buddhist Suttas, Sakka or Shakra is the title of the Ruler of "the Radiant Ones of the Thirty-three," this number being made up of four groups, each containing seven degrees, with one of the Four Maharajas at the head of each group, and with the Shakra, the Ruler, as the apex of the pyramidal hierarchy. But it should be borne in mind that Shakra is not the name of one individual, the same throughout all time; Shakra is rather the description of a function, the title of the great Being who, at any given period, is "Ruler of the Radiant Ones." When one Shakra passes onward to still higher realms, a series of which are enumerated in the Suttas, his place is filled by a successor.

In the Suttas, many stories are related of one or another Shakra; through their vivid and picturesque texture the real position and character of the great Being shine, recognizable as under a translucent disguise. We are told that, when a righteous man is struggling with adversity, the fact is made known to Shakra by the glowing of his throne, as he dwells in the regions of

the Radiant Ones. Thus, when King Dharmashodhaka, striving in vain to gain a knowledge of Truth, had given up his throne and entered the forest to seek a quiet refuge for meditation, through the power of his merit and aspiration the throne of Shakra glowed. Then the Ruler of the Radiant Ones thought, "Spontaneously, without will of mine, this marble throne glows; what may be the cause?" Scanning the whole world with penetrating vision, Shakra, Ruler of the Radiant Ones, perceived the Maharaja Dharmashodhaka, who had sought in vain throughout the realm of Jambudvipa, of which India is a part, for an Instructor in the righteous Law.

Thereupon Shakra descended from his throne, took the form of a Rakshasa, an ogre or demon, and, going to meet Dharmashodhaka in the forest, tested his faith and constancy by terrible trials. After the Maharaja had triumphantly withstood all temptations, Shakra once more assumed his radiant form, revealed to the valiant monarch the Truth he sought, and restored him to his kingdom and his throne, where he reigned in righteousness.

In this vivid tale of adventure, it is not difficult to recognize what we have been told concerning the perpetual obligation of Masters to respond to the awakening spirituality in the humblest human heart, to note and cherish each glimmer of light that shines in the darkness of the valley. We can also see a parable of the trials and tests which must be conquered by the aspiring disciple before he may be initiated into the wisdom and power of the Masters. The restoration of the Maharaja to his kingdom is the symbol of this victory and attainment.

There are many stories of similar character regarding Shakra, Ruler of the Radiant Ones. Some of them are interwoven in a very instructive way with a fundamental doctrine of Buddhist cosmogony, the teaching of the Chakravalas. Chakravala seems to mean "Wheel of Power"; it is represented as a circular or disk-shaped world with a Mount Meru in the centre, surrounded by seven concentric circles, with four great continents, the whole being enclosed in a ring of mountains. Chakravalas are set together in groups of three, with a triangular space in the centre, which has something of the character of a hell. In addition to the significance of this doctrine as applied to the human principles, it would seem that we have, in the Chakravala, first, a figurative description of our globe divided into climatic zones, with the great land areas grouped about the North Pole; second, of the Solar System, with the concentric orbits of the planets; and, third, a description of the seven spheres of the planetary chain, ranged on the four planes of manifestation. On the basis of the groups of three Chakravalas, we may conceive that three such planetary chains form a larger unit. Perhaps this is the solution of the enigma regarding Mercury and Mars and their relation to the Earth; the three planets may be the most material members of three interrelated planetary chains. Finally, the Suttas tell us that throughout the immensity of Space, there are infinite numbers of Chakravalas, each with its own sun and moon, and each with its Shakra, Ruler of the Radiant Ones of that world.

Nor is the office of Shakra for our own world held in perpetuity by the same individual. In one of the Jatakas, the story of an earlier birth of him who was to become the Buddha, we are told that the Shakra of that day was a holy ascetic of the Himalaya Mountains. The Shakra of the period when Siddhartha attained to Buddhahood, twenty-five centuries ago, was said to have been in a former birth the Brahman Magha, who attained to the position of Ruler of the Radiant Ones as a reward for his fervour, his holiness and his zeal for doing good. There is also a tradition, in the Buddhist Scriptures, that Siddhartha himself had been, through a series of incarnations, the Shakra, Ruler of the Radiant Ones. If he had risen above even that splendid attainment, it is easily conceivable that he should have become "the Patron of all the Adepts." It is equally conceivable that the Shakra of his own time, who had been the Brahman Magha, and who had already visited Siddhartha when he attained to Buddhahood, should visit him again some years later, to put to him questions regarding fundamental principles of life. This is the visit recorded in the Sutta we are considering.

So it is clear that much that is of the utmost value and significance concerning the Radiant Ones, the hierarchy of Masters and their Chief, is present even in the popular Pali Scriptures. Of necessity it is veiled, and, in the present Sutta, this veiling is accomplished with a high degree of literary skill and charm.

Many of the Suttas were originally discourses addressed by the Buddha, not only to the congregation of his disciples, but also to those who were not disciples, to the inhabitants of the towns and villages he visited, in the endless peregrinations of his long mission. As discourses addressed to audiences, mixed and often casually assembled, it was essential first of all that they should be attractive; unless they held the attention of the listeners, the purpose of the august Teacher would completely fail. Therefore, we nearly always find in them an excellent story, admirably told, with elements of charm, of picturesque vividness, and that fine humour, examples of which have previously been given. The present story has all these qualities in a notable degree, and we can see that they served two purposes: the story element held the attention of the auditors, and it added just that aspect of mirage which concealed the realities from those who were not yet ready for them. So we come to the Sutta.

Once upon a time the Master was living in the Magadha country, in the cavern of Indra's Sal tree, in the Vediyaka mountain, to the north of the Brahman village Ambasanda, which lies to the east of Rajagriha, the chief city of the Magadhas. At that time, a strong desire to see the Master came to Shakra, Ruler of the Radiant Ones. So this thought arose in the mind of Shakra, Ruler of the Radiant Ones: "Where does the Master now dwell, the Arhat, the perfectly illumined one?" Then Shakra beheld the Master dwelling in the Magadha country, in the cavern of Indra's Sal tree, in the Vediyaka mountain, to the north of the Brahman village Ambasanda, which

lies to the east of Rajagriha. When he had seen, he addressed the Radiant Ones of the Thirty-three:

"Noble ones, the Master is dwelling in the Magadha country, in the cavern of Indra's Sal tree, in the Vediyaka mountain, to the north of the Brahman village Ambasanda, which lies to the east of Rajagriha. Noble ones, what if we were to betake ourselves thither, to see the Master, the Arhat, perfectly illumined?"

"This would be excellent!" the Radiant Ones of the Thirty-three replied to Shakra, Ruler of the Radiant Ones.

So Shakra, Ruler of the Radiant Ones, addressed Five-crest, son of the Celestial Chorister:

"Dear Five-crest, the Master is dwelling in the Magadha country, in the cavern of Indra's Sal tree, in the Vediyaka mountain, to the north of the Brahman village Ambasanda, which lies to the east of Rajagriha. Dear Five-crest, what if we were to betake ourselves thither, to see the Master, the Arhat, perfectly illumined?"

"This would be excellent!" Five-crest, son of the Celestial Chorister, replied to Shakra, Ruler of the Radiant Ones, and, taking his lute of yellow Vilva wood, he waited on Shakra, Ruler of the Radiant Ones.

So Shakra, Ruler of the Radiant Ones, accompanied by the Radiant Ones of the Thirty-three, and preceded by Five-crest, son of the Celestial Chorister, just as a strong man might extend his indrawn arm, or draw in his arm extended, just so, vanishing from the realm of the Thirty-three, appeared in the Magadha country, and stood on the Vediyaka mountain, to the north of the Brahman village Ambasanda, which lies to the east of Rajagriha.

Then the Vediyaka mountain began to glow with a great radiance, and the Brahman village Ambasanda also, because of the presence of the Radiant Ones. So in the villages round about, men said:

"Vediyaka mountain is luminous to-day, Vediyaka mountain burns with splendour to-day, Vediyaka mountain glows to-day. Why does Vediyaka mountain gleam to-day with a great radiance, and the Brahman village Ambasanda also?" Thus they spoke, their hair standing on end with wonder.

So Shakra, Ruler of the Radiant Ones, addressed Five-crest, son of the Celestial Chorister: "Difficult to approach, dear Five-crest, is the Tathagata, He who came as his Predecessors came, when meditating, altogether concentrated in the joy of meditation. Dear Five-crest, what if you were first to win the favour of the Master, and then, after the favour of the Master has been won by you, I were to draw near, to behold the Master, the Arhat, perfectly illumined?"

"This would be excellent!" Five-crest, son of the Celestial Chorister replied to Shakra, Ruler of the Radiant Ones. Then, taking his lute of yellow Vilva wood, he drew near to the cavern of Indra's Sal tree. Thus approaching, he thought, "At this distance the Master will not be too far from me, nor too near, so that he will hear my music." So Five-crest, son of the Celestial Chorister, stood at a little distance and began to play on his lute of yellow

Vilva wood, and sang these verses, concerning the Buddha, concerning the Law of Righteousness, concerning the Arhats, and concerning love.

Here we may pause a moment. It would be difficult to find, in the whole range of religious literature, a more charming fancy than this, the expedient of the heavenly troubadour taking his stand at the entrance of the sacred cavern, playing on his lute, and singing a pensive love song, to entice the great Lord Buddha from profound meditation to a conversational mood. We can imagine the auditors in some village listening in delight. The song has its lyric qualities, but we need not translate it all. Five-crest began somewhat thus:

> I salute thee, father of the lady Sunshine,
> Father of the fair one who inspires my joy! . . .

and, after dwelling on the lady's charms, and his own love-lorn state, ended thus:

> If Shakra, Ruler of the Radiant Thirty-three,
> Gave me a wish, Sunshine, I'd ask for thee!

One might suppose that even the Buddha, aroused from meditation by a strolling lute-player, might be somewhat irritated. Not at all. The perfectly illumined one showed himself at once a tolerant auditor and a keen musical critic. The Master spoke thus:

"The music of your strings, Five-crest, blends well with the music of your song, so that, Five-crest, neither does the music of the strings overcolour the music of the song, nor the music of the song, the music of the strings. On what occasion, Five-crest, did you compose these verses concerning the Buddha, concerning the Law of Righteousness, concerning the Arhats, concerning love?"

"At the time when the Master was dwelling at Uruvela, on the bank of the river Neranjara, at the foot of the fig-tree which shelters the shepherds, on the attainment of Buddhahood, at that very time, Sire, I fell in love with Sunshine, daughter of Timbaru, King of the Celestial Choristers. But the lady loved another. When I could by no means win the lady, I drew near to the dwelling of the King of the Celestial Choristers and, taking my lute of yellow Vilva wood, I sang these verses" . . . And Five-crest sang the verses again.

Then this thought came to Shakra, Ruler of the Radiant Ones: "Five-crest, son of the Celestial Chorister, is on very friendly terms with the Master, and the Master with Five-crest!" So Shakra, Ruler of the Radiant Ones, addressed Five-crest, son of the Celestial Chorister:

"Dear Five-crest, respectfully greet the Master on my behalf, saying, 'Shakra, Ruler of the Radiant Ones, with his ministers, with his attendants, bows his head at the Master's feet!'"

"Excellent!" replied Five-crest, son of the Celestial Chorister, and, addressing the Master, he said, "Shakra, Ruler of the Radiant Ones, with his ministers, with his attendants, bows his head at the Master's feet!"

"May Shakra, Ruler of the Radiant Ones, be happy, Five-crest, with his ministers, with his attendants! For desirous of happiness are Radiant Ones, men, Asuras, Nagas, Celestial Choristers, and whatsoever other beings there are, in their several bodies."

For thus do Tathagatas greet those in high authority. Shakra, Ruler of the Radiant Ones, thus greeted by the Master, entered the cavern of Indra's Sal tree and, saluting the Master, stood at one side; and the Radiant Ones of the Thirty-three, entering the cavern of Indra's Sal tree, saluting the Master, stood at one side.

At that time, verily, in the cavern of Indra's Sal tree, whatever had been rough became smooth, whatever had been hemmed in became spacious, in the cavern that had been dark as night a radiance glowed, through the radiant presence of the Radiant Ones. So the Master spoke thus to Shakra, Ruler of the Radiant Ones:

"Admirable is this visit of the noble Shakra, wonderful is this visit of the noble Shakra; how has one so beset with duties, with so many tasks to perform, come to visit me?"

"For a long time, Sire, have I desired to come to see the Master, and those of the Thirty-three have also desired this, but I have not been able to come to see the Master because I was hindered by many things to be done. Once before, when the Master was dwelling at Savitri, I came to see the Master. At that time the Master had entered into one of the meditations, and Sister Bhunjati, a disciple of the Maharaja of the East, was in attendance on the Master, standing with palms pressed together reverently. So, Sire, I said to Bhunjati: 'Sister, greet the Master for me, saying, "Sire, Shakra, Ruler of the Radiant Ones, with his ministers, with his attendants, bows his head at the Master's feet!"'

"But Bhunjati replied, 'It is not the time, noble one, to see the Master, for the Master is withdrawn in meditation!'

"'Then, Sister, when the Master has arisen from that meditation, greet the Master according to my word, "Sire, Shakra, Ruler of the Radiant Ones, with his ministers, with his attendants, bows his head at the Master's feet!"' Did the Sister greet the Master for me? Does the Master remember the Sister saying this?"

"The Sister conveyed the greeting to me, Ruler of the Radiant Ones. I remember the Sister saying this. And further, I was aroused from that meditation by the sound of my noble friend's chariot wheels!"

Then follows a story, embellished with much melodious verse, concerning another lady, Gopika by name, a daughter of the Sakyas among whom Siddhartha was born. This lady, devoted to the Buddha, devoted to the Law of Righteousness, devoted to the Order, "putting aside the heart of a woman, taking the heart of a man, when she put off the body, entered the heavenly

world and entered into the presence of the Radiant Ones of the Thirty-three, and was received as a Child of the Radiant Ones," and became distinguished through effective admonition of certain disciples who, caught in the net of personal desires, fell short of that high attainment. It is interesting to find the title, Upasika, given to this lady of the manly heart.

Then, after these picturesque and dramatic preliminaries, we come to the heart of the matter. We are told that this thought arose in the mind of the Buddha: "For many a long day Shakra has maintained purity and holiness. Therefore, whatever question he shall ask me, purposeful and earnest, that question I shall straightway answer."

Then, having made a radiant space about him, Shakra, Ruler of the Radiant Ones, asked the Master this first question:

"Under what yoke of compulsion, Noble One, is it that Radiant Ones, men, Asuras, Nagas, Celestial Choristers, and whatever beings there are, according to their several forms, who would fain be free from wrath, free from violence, free from rivalry, free from malevolence, are nevertheless not so, but are subject to wrath, subject to violence, subject to rivalry, subject to malevolence?"

This is the first question that Shakra, Ruler of the Radiant Ones, addressed to the Master. The Master answered the question thus:

"Under compulsion of the yoke of envy and selfishness, verily, Ruler of the Radiant Ones, it is that Radiant Ones, men, Asuras, Nagas, Celestial Choristers, and whatever beings there are, according to their several forms, who would fain be free from wrath, free from violence, free from rivalry, free from malevolence, are nevertheless not so, but are subject to wrath, subject to violence, subject to rivalry, subject to malevolence."

Thus did the Master answer the question of Shakra, Ruler of the Radiant Ones. Shakra, Ruler of the Radiant Ones, gratified and delighted at what had been spoken by the Master, spoke, rejoicing: "This is so, Master! This is so, Welcome One! My uncertainty has passed away, my doubt is gone, hearing the Master's answer to my question."

So Shakra, Ruler of the Radiant Ones, gratified and delighted at what had been spoken, asked the Master a second question:

"Envy and selfishness, Noble One, are caused by what, aroused by what, brought to birth by what, evolved by what? In the existence of what are envy and selfishness present, and in the non-existence of what are envy and selfishness not present?"

"Envy and selfishness, Ruler of the Radiant Ones, are caused by the distinction between what is dear and what is not dear, aroused, brought to birth, evolved by the distinction between what is dear and what is not dear; when the distinction between what is dear and what is not dear is present, then envy and selfishness are present; when absent, these are absent."

"This distinction between what is dear and what is not dear, Noble One, is caused by what, aroused by what, brought to birth by what, evolved by what? In the existence of what is the distinction between what is dear and

what is not dear present, and in the non-existence of what is this distinction absent?"

"The distinction between what is dear and what is not dear, Ruler of the Radiant Ones, is caused by thirsting desire, aroused, brought to birth, evolved by thirsting desire; when thirsting desire is present, then the distinction between what is dear and what is not dear is present; when absent, it is absent."

"What, Noble One, is the cause of thirsting desire, by what is it aroused, brought to birth, evolved? In the existence of what is thirsting desire present, and in the non-existence of what is it absent?"

"Thirsting desire, Ruler of the Radiant Ones, is caused by the mental sense of separateness, aroused, brought to birth, evolved by the mental sense of separateness; when the mental sense of separateness is present, then thirsting desire is present; when absent, it is absent."

"What, Noble One, is the cause of the mental sense of separateness, by what is it aroused, brought to birth, evolved? In the existence of what is the mental sense of separateness present, and in the non-existence of what is it absent?"

"The mental sense of separateness, Ruler of the Radiant Ones, is caused by the dwelling of the intelligence on the consciousness of differentiation, aroused, brought to birth, evolved by the dwelling of the intelligence on the consciousness of differentiation; when this dwelling of the intelligence on the consciousness of differentiation is present, then the mental sense of separateness is present; when absent, it is absent."

So far, so good. It is difficult to know which is most to be admired, the fine courtliness of the whole dialogue, or the logical consistency with which Shakra pursues his quarry from pillar to post. If he had asked the question which comes logically next, namely, "What, Noble One, is the cause of the consciousness of differentiation?" his enquiry would have penetrated beyond the cosmic veil; for, in all descriptions of the manifestation of the cosmos, the tendency to differentiation is taken for granted. It has to be taken for granted, since it is a problem which is insoluble by the intellect, and must so remain. It is, in fact, the question, Why is there a manifested universe? which is only less insoluble than the further question, Why is there a universe at all?

We may, perhaps, make the whole dialogue simpler by paraphrasing its substance. It is evident that evil action arises when a wrong choice is made; when the individual, in the words of one of the Upanishads, chooses the dearer instead of the better. But this wrong choice can be made only when two objects, the better and the dearer, are distinguished, and when the desire for the dearer is present. This distinction depends on the mental and emotional perception of difference; and this again depends on the fact of differentiation. So we come back to the same starting point, What is the primal cause of differentiation?

It is characteristic of the Buddhist Scriptures, and of the method of the

Buddha, that this question is not put, since there is no possible answer to it. Instead, the dialogue takes an eminently practical line; we are told how a wrong choice is to be recognized, and therefore how a right choice is to be made. The Sutta continues:

"By doing what, Noble One, does a disciple make the entry to the right path leading to the cessation of the dwelling of the intelligence on the consciousness of differentiation?"

"I teach, Ruler of the Radiant Ones, that happiness is of two kinds, that which should be followed, and that which should not be followed. I also teach that sorrow is of two kinds, that which should be followed, and that which should not be followed. I also teach that indifference is of two kinds, that which should be followed, and that which should not be followed.

"I teach, Ruler of the Radiant Ones, that happiness is of two kinds, that which should be followed, and that which should not be followed. Why do I say this, and for what reason? I may know happiness thus: If, when I follow after this happiness, bad qualities increase and good qualities decrease, then this happiness is not to be followed. I may know happiness thus: If, when I follow after that happiness, bad qualities decrease and good qualities increase, then that happiness is to be followed. And so there is happiness which is accompanied by verbal and mental analysis, and there is happiness which is above verbal and mental analysis; those states of consciousness which have risen above verbal and mental analysis are the more excellent.

"Thus, Ruler of the Radiant Ones, I teach that happiness is of two kinds, that which should be followed, and that which should not be followed, and I teach thus for this reason.

"I also teach, Ruler of the Radiant Ones, that sorrow is of two kinds, that which should be followed, and that which should not be followed. Why do I say this, and for what reason? I may know sorrow thus: If, when I follow after this sorrow, bad qualities increase and good qualities decrease, then this sorrow is not to be followed. I may know sorrow thus: If, when I follow after that sorrow, bad qualities decrease and good qualities increase, then that sorrow is to be followed. And so there is sorrow which is accompanied by verbal and mental analysis, and there is sorrow which is above verbal and mental analysis; those states of consciousness which have arisen above verbal and mental analysis are the more excellent.

"Thus, Ruler of the Radiant Ones, I teach that sorrow is of two kinds, that which should be followed, and that which should not be followed, and I teach thus for this reason.

"I also teach, Ruler of the Radiant Ones, that indifference is of two kinds, that which should be followed, and that which should not be followed. Why do I say this, and for what reason? I may know indifference thus: If, when I follow after this indifference, bad qualities increase and good qualities decrease, then this indifference is not to be followed. I may know indifference thus: If, when I follow after that indifference, bad qualities decrease and good qualities increase, then that indifference is to be followed. And

so there is indifference which is accompanied by verbal and mental analysis, and there is indifference which is above verbal and mental analysis; those states of consciousness which have risen above verbal and mental analysis are the more excellent.

"Thus, Ruler of the Radiant Ones, I teach that indifference is of two kinds, that which should be followed, and that which should not be followed, and I teach thus for this reason.

"By proceeding thus, Ruler of the Radiant Ones, does a disciple make the entry to the right path leading to the cessation of the dwelling of the intelligence on the consciousness of differentiation."

As a simple, lucid and practical guide to right conduct, this would be hard to equal. It may be valuable to illustrate. That happiness which comes from self-indulgence leads to the increase of bad qualities and the decrease of good qualities; therefore it is not to be followed. That happiness which comes from genuine service leads to the decrease of bad qualities and the increase of good qualities. Therefore it is to be followed. That sorrow which desponds, robbing us of hope and courage, is not to be followed. That sorrow of genuine repentance, which leads to purification and reparation, is to be followed. That indifference which is merely stupidity, inertness, is not to be followed. The higher indifference, which is the expression of detachment and impartiality, the "disinterestedness" which Krishna teaches, is to be followed. In each case, that which is to be followed, leads back toward spiritual unity, back toward the One.

It may be said that, in this teaching regarding "the sorrow which is to be followed" we come very close to a teaching that is characteristic of the Master Christ.

One point more. It is to be noted that, in his explanation, the Buddha leaves undefined the most vital words, "happiness," "sorrow," "good qualities," "bad qualities." This is as it should be, for, as Pascal pointed out, there is no such thing as an absolute definition; all that we can do is to refer the less known to the well known, coming back to something which is recognized by everyone, as, for example, happiness and sorrow. It is curious that our present age takes for granted that we have an innate power to distinguish between truth and what is false; the whole development of Science is based on this assumption. But there is no such general recognition that we can also distinguish between good and bad; yet this is another side of the same spiritual power, the perception of real values, which is inherent in Buddhi, for the reason that Buddhi is the manifestation of the One Reality. This higher intuitive perception has risen above verbal and mental analysis; therefore it is more excellent. This does not mean that verbal and mental analysis may be ignored; they have their right place, but, in the fulness of time, they will be transcended, with the development of intuition. This, once more, is an approach toward the One.

FRAGMENTS

"THEY say the Way beyond is hard, O Watcher of the Gate."

"Yea, 'tis hard."

"And yet they say that it is beautiful."

"Yea, it is very beautiful."

"It is hard because it is rugged and steep? because cold winds blow across it? and darkness is often there?"

"Yea, thus is it hard, and more, far more."

"Then how do they call it beautiful?"

"It hath a goal; it hath a music; it hath a light. Its cold winds bear the echo of a Voice; upon its darkness a Radiance is reflected, which, but for the darkness, could not be perceived by human eyes; its goal is the Heart of the World. Upon the Way lies the Vision of it, and they who have felt its magnetic drawing find the rough stones sweet, and love the darkness and the cold. Therefore they call the Way beautiful."

"Love, then, makes the Way beautiful, O Watcher of the Gate? an old, trite saying."

"An old, trite saying truly, uttered before time came to birth; but new, eternally new to those who tread the Way and catch the meaning of it."

"So by love one walks the Way."

"Thou hast said, O Questioner, and I will tell thee more: only he who loves can walk this Way beyond the first turning; and all who make the turning find it beautiful."

O marvellous Way, O Way of toil and pain, of joy unutterable,—unknown for ever, save by those who love thee!

We bless thy stones which bruise our feet, because they heal a deeper wound within.

What stars burn in the blackness of thy skies. Over thy austere peaks what glory lingers. Within thy cold what strength and vigour lie. And thy bleak winds carry a harmony no earthly strains possess.

Dear to us, thou, O dear beyond all telling; dearest of all save one thing only,—the goal.

Heart of the World, draw us for ever on.

To leave all sense and space behind, this is to live: lost in thy radiance, flame of thy flame, heart beating in unison with thine.

O resurrection from the dead, O immortality!

Watcher by the Gate, tell them who question thee, tell them of the beauty of the Way!

CAVÉ.

THE DAWN OF INDIVIDUALITY IN THE MINERAL KINGDOM

II

"Reflecting the 'Self-Existent Lord,' like a Mirror, each becomes in turn a World."—THE SECRET DOCTRINE, Stanza III, 12.

"Light is Cold Flame."—THE SECRET DOCTRINE, Stanza III, 9.

IN a former article (THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, January, 1926) an attempt was made to trace a few of the Cosmic reflections revealed to us in the mineral kingdom. It was the purely structural side of mineralogy which was approached at that time, and that branch of the subject deals, of course, only with the concrete, material, crystalline form as we can see it and hold it in our hands. There is little that eludes our grasp, literally speaking, for even so metaphysical a matter as pure symmetry, upon which the science of crystallography is based, has for its outer, physical expression the beautiful, many-faceted crystal itself. We may think of minerals, therefore—minerals as we see them in our museums, or those which we find in rock excavations—as the individuals which live and function physically in their less plastic world, even as we human beings live and operate by means of our physical bodies in our world, —all of us part of the one, vast cosmic scheme. But just as members of the great human family, even those of the least evolved order, share consciously or unconsciously an inner life in an inner world, so for the dwellers of the mineral kingdom, unseen by us, and unsuspected until a search is made, there lies hidden an ethereal world governed by the most exact and far-reaching laws, laws which, however, would seem to be so divinely mobile as to fill the individual need of each tiny, aspiring crystal germ-soul. This "starry" crystalline, intangible region is merely a part of the lowest subdivision of that all-pervading inner world which is the special study of the student of Theosophy, and it is in considering the optical properties of minerals, in following, as far as our man-made instruments will permit, the infinitely varied action of light, that we first become really aware of this inconceivably well regulated, ordinarily invisible realm; also of the part that is played in it by its crystal inhabitants; of the individual peculiarities which characterize them; of what appear to be different degrees or planes of being; of what might perhaps be recognized as nebulous states of consciousness.

In examining minerals under the microscope, therefore; in noting their peculiar response to the ray of light transmitted—a response which seems to differ strangely with almost each crystal individual—our first observation is twofold: the effect of light on crystals, and the effect of crystals on light; the

human parallel being, the effect of the Lodge Force on the individual soul, and the manner in which that individual soul uses the Lodge Force. This parallel is not as fanciful as it may appear to be, for transmitted light seems to reveal a kind of ethereal, inner body, luminous and beautiful, folded, as it were, within the actual, material, crystalline structure, and the *play* of this light, its *action*, awakens into being this subtile, ordinarily invisible counterpart of the concrete, visible crystal individual.

Why, indeed, should not the germ-soul of a crystal have many nascent vestures? Why should it not be possible for us to examine these successive vestures of increasing tenuity if we had but the instruments—or the senses—necessary? It seems certain that when we look at a beautiful crystal, let us say, of fluor-spar, we are not "looking" at one crystal only, but at many; one visible to our physical eyes, the others, perhaps, only partially visible even by means of our microscope; but beyond the visibility which this offers, how many more crystals may there be? Speaking in terms of "man," this idea is presented to us in the *Elixir of Life:*—"In the actual man reflected in your mirror are really several men, or several parts of one composite man," "each finer one lying within the inter-atomic spaces of the next grosser." *The Culture of Concentration* also refers to an "inner being" which is "inextricably entangled in the body, cell for cell and fibre for fibre." Is it too much to believe that there may already be a faint foreshadowing, a remote, indefinable promise of these rarefied states of existence, even in the mineral kingdom? Science is talking frankly of "grosser crystal-structural units" and of "ultimate structural units"; of the remarkable evidences of their organization and of their bearing upon the extraordinary optical properties of crystals. This is almost ancient history to us now. We know further that even the ultimate structural units, infinitesimal as they are, are not continuous throughout the crystal, that is to say they are not in contact one with another, but that, on the contrary, the space which we might reasonably consider as occupied by them, is in reality, partly void. What is in this so-called void, this miniature, inter-stellar space? What invisible vestures of inconceivably fine states of matter may be enshrined there? It is perhaps because of this void, and partly in order to illustrate its presence, that the "space-lattice" theory of Bravais was given to the world,—that theory which has now, with certain slight additions and modifications, become a scientific fact. If we look at a space-lattice diagram of a well-known crystal (and of course, every type of crystal architecture has its own peculiar space-lattice design) with its orderly arrangement of "unit cells" floating, as it were, in a void, or, we may say, with what look like wide, empty spaces between, there is something physically so insubstantial about it, that it is almost like looking at the *thought* or *idea* of a friend whose external form is very familiar to us, yet whose actual physical image is not necessary for the purposes of recognition. In the diagram the external form of the crystal is clearly enough indicated, though not actually marked, because the "unit cells," being arranged in obedience to a given geometrical plan, of necessity *suggest* the outline, but they do no

more,—a like case in our minds when the thought or idea of our friend is of more importance, if not actually more vividly *real*, than his bodily appearance. Until the discovery of X-rays, or rather until the new X-ray analysis of crystal structure became possible, this space-lattice theory remained a theory; it remained more or less purely diagrammatic, and the work of geometricians only. The theory itself, however, being no doubt the result of intuition rather than of a reasoning process, had taken such firm root in scientific imagination that when, in the year 1912, it was realized that an actual scientific test could be applied to demonstrate the truth of "the homogeneous partitioning of space into point-systems possible to crystals," no time was lost in attempting to do so. The result of this investigation was a brilliant success for the theorizing geometricians, proving that theories will sometimes "hold water"; for the infinitesimal wave lengths of the X-rays practically coinciding as they do with the minute order of spacing of "unit cells" within the crystal, a beautiful radiogram of the whole delicate, internal structure of the crystal was the reward. This radiogram, (zinc blende was the mineral) discloses such an ethereal, incorporeal counterpart of the rather hard, almost metallic mineral so well known to us, that any last, outworn, self-imposed conceptions regarding the "rigidity of matter" are dispelled for good, and we ask ourselves: "How many more phantom crystals may there be, living and functioning unseen, within the enfolding walls or the lustrous facets of the physical crystal?"[1]

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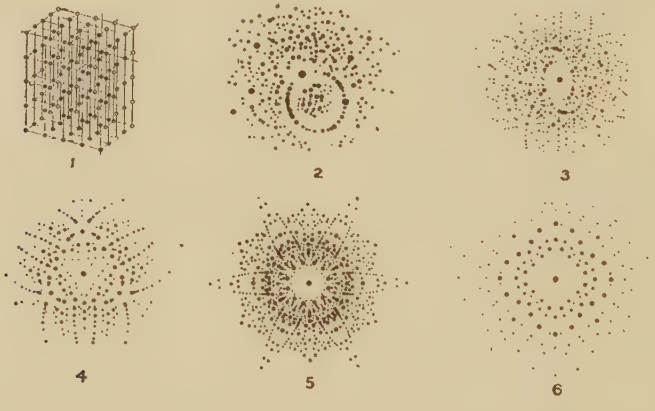
[1] Speculations regarding the fine structure of matter in general are, of course, very ancient; regarding crystals in particular Haüy (1743–1822), the "father of crystallography," believed in "contiguous elements" or "additive molecules" like infinitesimal blocks, packed closely together. Bravais (1811–1863) conceived crystal structure as a "space-lattice," i.e. chemical molecules "arranged periodically in three dimensions, . . . the symmetry being determined by crystallographic considerations." Figure 1 is an example of this



theoretical partitioning of space. In 1912 the X-ray analysis by Laue and his group, proved optically, what Bravais had only been able to infer, revealing, however, an even finer structure—atomic—partly filling the so-called void between the grosser structural units of Bravais. Figures 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 are "Laue diagrams," showing how the delicate internal structure of a crystal acts as a "diffraction grating" for the X-rays. Note the progressive symmetry, though only four of the seven systems are represented here. Figure 2, triclinic, the least symmetrical, has but a centre of symmetry. Figure 3, monoclinic, has, in addition, one axis of symmetry. Figures 4 and 5 are hexagonal, while Figure 6 is cubic, the highest symmetry known.

In the former article in the QUARTERLY, perfection of symmetry in crystals was discussed, and the suggestion was made that unless some degree of crystal symmetry had been attained by a germ-soul springing into manifestation from a mineral substance, individual life could not be considered as fairly begun; that is to say, that amorphous minerals are merely soul-stuff undifferentiated. As a matter of fact, however, we can carry this idea somewhat farther, for there is no scientific or other reason (so far as we know) to oppose the theory that all mineral germ-souls must be *capable* of taking upon themselves "a regular internal structure, and a regular external form," the achievement of which establishes their individuality. That they do not all accomplish this feat is well known; *why* they do not is another story, and is one of the many mysteries of natural science. We do not have to look far to discover in this a second human parallel,—until some degree of spirituality (symmetry) is attained, the Lodge Force cannot act directly upon the soul of man.

The symmetry of a crystal, therefore, is so intimately connected with that crystal's action upon light, and the action of light is so dependent for free play upon crystal symmetry (being either promoted by it or impeded by the lack of it), that in the study of optical mineralogy one meets at every turn with arresting parallels, both cosmic and human. Thus we may remind ourselves that the highest geometrical form, and perfect symmetry, are one and the same thing; that "Nature geometrizes universally in all her manifestations" (*The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. I, p. 124), the basis of Cosmic Architecture being geometrical; and that each human soul which evolves at all, is evolving, even if indirectly, toward a more perfect symmetry, a more evenly sustained consciousness which, symbolically at least, one may think of as represented by a more perfect geometrical form. We see also, alas, how constantly, in our present state of evolution, we hinder and modify the Lodge Force playing upon us, because of our lack of this very evenly sustained spiritual consciousness,—or perfect symmetry.

It will be remembered, perhaps, that on the structural side of mineralogy, that is to say, in pure crystallography, there are seven recognized systems of crystal architecture; optically speaking, however (this refers to work with the microscope), minerals which have succeeded in crystallizing out of their mineral substance, may be divided into two broad classes,—those which are singly and those which are doubly refracting. With the singly refracting minerals, optical mineralogy, as science at present knows it, or at least as it is taught in laboratories, has relatively little to do, since, during the most important processes of analysis with the microscope,[2] a singly refracting mineral "remains dark,"—it appears, as an inner individual, to be quite unresponsive to the rays of light which should penetrate it. We may at first be surprised by this fact, since the singly refracting minerals belong to the isometric or cubic system, and since the cube, possessing as it does, the highest degree of symmetry (the most evolved degree of crystal consciousness, as was suggested),

[2] I refer, of course, to crossed nicols and convergent light.

should therefore be the most keenly alive to the action of light. We have to remember, however, that when we speak of light in connection with the study of the optical properties of crystals, we refer in general to the ordinary light of day, that is to say, we refer to the physical structure of the crystal as it reacts to or modifies light in its most material form; but the point of chief interest when comparing the singly with the doubly refracting minerals—a point which throws into clearer relief the Cosmic and the human parallels—is that in the singly refracting mineral, by virtue of its perfect symmetry, the light travels with equal velocity in all directions, the "sacred cube" is open and responsive on all sides, so to that extent it would seem to have fewer idiosyncrasies which cause it to limit or to impede the progress of the beam of light, thus making that beam visible to our mortal eyes through our man-made petrological microscopes its unity remains undisturbed. The doubly refracting minerals, on the contrary, may be said more especially to belong to the world of duality, and to be governed by its laws; in other words it is *be ause* they are capable of birefringence, *because* of what one might call their limitations, and certainly because of their "poles of opposites," that we are able to observe, under given conditions, the passage of light through these crystal individuals. "Contrast . . . is essential to the existence of the Manifested Universe" (*The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. I, p. 43). Doubly refracting minerals, therefore, belonging as they do to an inferior grade of symmetry, might be said to represent lower manas; while those which are singly refracting would suggest the Higher Triad as it may be dimly reflected in the world of crystals. Regarding the mineral kingdom as a whole, one might perhaps see in this a slow evolution taking place in crystal consciousness from duality upward toward unity.

It is exceedingly difficult when approaching the subject of transmitted light, to avoid technicalities, which are naturally wearisome save to those who have made a particular study of optics, but there is one fact which is of especial interest,—the fact that the two refracted rays in a mineral which exhibits birefringence, do really suggest, by their very behaviour, the "pairs of opposites," for these two refracted rays vibrate at right angles to each other; they are "opposed" even to that extent. They are also of different velocities,—an important point. Were it not possible, by a system of prisms in the microscope, to disentangle these rays (could we not separate the higher from the lower nature), much of the inner life of the crystal under examination would "remain dark" to us, as is the case with the singly refracting mineral which would seem to be governed by what we might call super-microscopic laws. The lower nicol, a specially devised prism, causes the ordinary (the more refracted, because slow and lethargic) ray to be totally reflected (sloughed off), while transmitting the extraordinary ray (the less refracted because fast and energetic). Inertia is left behind; what we may think of as a more one-pointed state of crystal consciousness has begun, and this transmitted "polarised light" (vibrating, as it leaves the lower nicol, in one plane only, no longer in two, which were "opposed") can now be used as a key to open the gates into

that radiant inner world of the mineral kingdom, where colour appears to be the very substance of which it is composed.

As the action of light in a crystal is dependent upon the symmetry of that crystal individual, so, of course, is its colour (an integral part of light) equally dependent upon it. *The Secret Doctrine* tells us of the close association in the Cosmic scheme of these two,—colour and geometrical form. Perhaps one day science will reveal to us the third aspect which is needed to complete the trinity; I mean, of course, sound, for there must surely be a "melodious heaven" in the crystal order of creation. We cannot yet hear or understand crystal language, but I am sure that in some way crystals must be talking to us very simply and directly, either by colour flashes or by sound, but we, alas, are unable to comprehend them, nor, even if we could do so, have we any language in which to answer.

Colour is one of our guides in classifying crystals, in establishing for each its proper place in one or other of the seven crystallographic systems; yet, while absorption is a property common to many minerals, it does not, as a matter of fact, appear to be invariably present, for crystals seem to have a fastidious and unequal colour hunger; they show marked individual preferences. In examining their physical characters, we saw that no two minerals were exactly alike; the same thing is true of their optical reactions, for not only do different crystals of the same system show what appear to be clearly defined colour idiosyncrasies, but one and the same mineral will exhibit different colours in different directions,—what is known as "selective action." As a modern scientist, speaking of the behaviour of crystals, has wisely said: "There is evidence of a controlling force at work." Speaking metaphysically, *The Secret Doctrine* points to the connection between the seven principles, the septenary scale, and the seven aspects of colour, and while it would indeed be audacious to claim even an embryonic septenate of principles for crystal individuals, the colours which they display do undeniably suggest certain *qualities*, qualities which change with changing conditions, just as consciousness in human beings (or in animals, or even in plant life, for that matter) may be modified or transferred according to varying outer circumstances.

This is not the place, as has already been said, to indulge in technicalities, but it may be interesting, by way of illustration, to speak of one or two of these crystal "traits," though it is hard to know which to select, since all are interesting and since there are endless numbers of them. Take the case of the brilliant polarisation colours in a specimen of quartz when the section is cut parallel to the optic axis,[3] while, when cut perpendicular to it, that is to say, when there is a basal section of the very same crystal, the field will remain quite dark. Take a mineral, subject to extinction, either straight or oblique: as the stage of the microscope is rotated, the mineral, in certain directions, glows and pulsates with waves of prismatic colours, while in other directions it

[3] Among the doubly refracting minerals there are those which have one and those which have two optic axes, *i.e.*, directions in which the light is singly refracted. Along these directions, therefore, no light passes when the nicols are crossed. Quartz is uniaxial.

seems suddenly to disappear entirely, or, what is more ghostly still, appears as a kind of veiled form, a living thing seen through a mist; rotate the stage farther, and the glory of the colour streams out again, blending and separating, twisting and weaving. Extinction angles vary with the class as with the individual; muscovite, for instance, showing the most beautiful polarisation colours of clear, bright pinks or greens, has straight extinction, while with augite it is oblique; yet both belong to the monoclinic system. Again,—examine two specimens, one of "right handed" and one of "left handed" quartz; for optically, as well as structurally, there are these two kinds of the same mineral. In order to obtain the ascending sequence of colours (Newton's scale) in a right handed crystal, rotation must be to the right, and vice versa for the left handed mineral, yet crystallographically speaking, there is little difference between them. Still again, take a crystal of selenite (gypsum) and see how very much the optical properties are altered with change of temperature. Some minerals reflect one colour while transmitting another. There are optically positive and optically negative minerals, these being determined by performing a "trick" with a mica plate,—a trick which fascinates every beginner. It is not only, however, the individual peculiarities of minerals which arouse our keenest enthusiasm in the study of optics: the certainty that we are in closer touch with an ethereal region, a crystalline state of being ordinarily hidden from us; that we have in some mysterious way penetrated to a plane higher than the purely physical, is what allures us. Can anyone look at the inconceivably delicate interference colours of a very thin section of calcite, colours of such a high order, so fine, so pure, as to be almost invisible, without feeling that, by some miracle, he has had a glimpse of the unearthly beauty of the inner world? If we could *hear* the "air-born voices" of these amazingly subtile, almost mythical tints, I think they would be like the well-nigh inaudible, yet strangely penetrating and stirring notes in the highest register of a Stradivarius.

Beautiful beyond description as are these filmy, shimmering polarisation colours, however, it is when we use convergent light that we reach results which are a fitting culmination to the study of crystal optics, for in viewing a mineral under these conditions we are, as a matter of fact, looking at the actual physical crystal even less than in the former processes of microscope analysis. What we see now is the effect produced upon the rays of light after they have passed *through* and *out* of the physical crystal individual; we find ourselves looking at a kind of luminous emanation, or, as it were, a lambent other-self. Up through the crystal have flashed the rays of light, which converge at its heart; the crystal has gathered all the light of its world into one point within itself; out again surges this light, in radiating beams, diverging, expanding, spreading themselves in streaming prismatic colours, the result being what is known as an "interference figure." This interference figure, particularly striking in the case of uniaxial minerals, has a gleaming background composed of delicately but clearly defined concentric circles, each circle a glowing rainbow, all the colours of the spectrum ranged in orderly succession from the

innermost point to the outermost rim, and over the wide expanse of the whole, reaching great arms from centre to circumference, the dark, yet curiously luminous shadow of a huge cross,—the circles of Eternity, the Cross, that most ancient symbol of Immortality. I have spoken as though what we looked at was on a very large scale, while, as a matter of fact, the field of the microscope is relatively small, as we know, but the interference figure itself assumes, for all its diminutive size, almost a majestic aspect, startling in its symbolism. The small crystal individual has thrilled responsive to the waves of light which have flooded it like liquid fire; the very Spirit of Life seems rushing through it; the rainbow circles gleam and flash; they appear silently, mysteriously to wheel and turn as the stage is rotated, while the dark cross remains fixed, indescribably dominating,—a new and radiant crystal individual seems suddenly to have sprung into being; it is, as it were, the apotheosis of a crystal soul.

Beyond this, save for relatively unimportant processes, the microscope does not carry us, but we may be sure that it is our own fault that we cannot follow this "deification" any farther. Perhaps one day we shall be able to do so, and in the meantime we may console ourselves, somewhat, with words from *The Elixir of Life;* "Get better instruments and keener senses and *eventually* you will." And if, as seems probable, the whole subject of crystal optics is but an outer, scientific corroboration, in this lowest of the kingdoms, of that lofty, inner, mystical state, known to us as Vision, how much more might be written of the dawning individuality of crystals! What correlations might be traced, how many links might be added to our chain of evidence! That, however, must be left to some fortunate student of Theosophy who has a wider knowledge of optics, a deeper understanding of Vision than I have.

D.

The infinite alone is the form of God.—LAMARTINE.

THOUGHT, PURPOSE AND CREATION

SCIENCE is based on the conviction that all things on the physical plane, from solar systems to atoms, are under, and act in accordance with, law. A step, but only a step, beyond this is the theosophic axiom, "As above, so below", which means, among other things, that the same great fundamental laws govern not only the physical plane but the mental, psychic, and spiritual planes as well. The universe is one, and it and all its planes are ruled by law and by one set of laws. Creation, for example, must take place in accordance with the same basic law, irrespective of whether that which is being created be a universe or an army, a solar system or a poem, a flower or a body, the vehicle for a soul.

It follows that the study of the principles governing the creation of any one thing will throw light on all creative activity, just as the fall of a certain historic apple opened the door to all of modern astronomy. Creation is the embodiment of a purpose in outer form, a type of activity in which, consciously or unconsciously, we are engaged all of the time, with far more important results to ourselves than we have any idea of. Thought, even the most foolish and idle, is creation, as we shall see later. One of the things that each man is creating, usually with no faintest appreciation of the fact, is his own future. "As a man desires, so he thinks; as he thinks, so he becomes." What he becomes determines his future, in this and other lives. This is the third of the three truths described as absolute in the *Idyll of the White Lotus*, "Each man is his own absolute lawgiver, the dispenser of glory or gloom to himself; the decreer of his life, his reward, his punishment." It would seem, therefore, that there were few things more worthy of study than our own mental processes. These processes must be governed by the same laws that rule elsewhere in the universe. What is it that happens when we think, and how does thought affect our growth and destiny?

Science speaks of a universe of law and force. Theosophy adds to these, consciousness, intelligence and purpose as pervading all things. The theory of evolution in itself implies a purpose, a goal, toward which all things evolve. Theosophical writers regard life and consciousness as co-extensive, and believe every atom, every stone, flower and tree to be endowed with its own measure and type of consciousness. A little thought shows that everything living, everything capable of growth, consists of an outer "material" vehicle and an inner "spiritual", content, its life, consciousness and purpose. Thus a seed, say of an apple, has its outer covering, perceptible to our senses, and an inner principle of growth, imperceptible and undiscernible, which is what causes it, first to grow at all, and, second, to develop into an apple, instead of some other tree. The inner content of the seed, its nature and purpose, is made

manifest as it grows, that is, as it clothes itself in physical matter, forming trunk, branches, leaves, fruit and new seeds, themselves containing a fragment of the creative power of the original seed. The growth of the tree is the progressive incarnation and revelation of the spiritual content of the seed.

The universe is one, and it is a universe of purpose. We may safely assume that the Creator did not make it, or any part of it, in idleness. Everything that exists at all, can only exist for the fulfilment of a purpose. On no other terms would its continued existence be conceivable. Everything we know, or can conceive, must, like the seed, have a material vehicle and a spiritual content, a purpose to be fulfilled. This purpose it works out through, and by means of, its material vehicle, which it expands and develops from within.

At a meeting of the New York Branch of The Theosophical Society a few years ago, it was suggested that the expression of an idea in words furnishes a close analogy to the incarnation of a soul in a physical body. An idea arises within us and we become conscious of it first as a vague something in the back of our minds. We try to draw it into the forefront of consciousness, to clothe it in words—to give it a body, so to speak—in order that we, or others, may see and understand it. The words to be used can only be drawn from our own past experience, since there are within us no other words but those derived from that experience. We take the ones that seem best fitted and give tentative expression to the idea. Looking at what we have said objectively, and contrasting it with the thought in our minds, we realize the inadequacy of the attempt at expression and discard it to try again in another form,—which also must be drawn from our past experience. Each time we try to express it, we see a little more clearly what our idea really is, and also what it is not. Each time, perhaps, we come a shade closer to a true presentation of our thought. Sometimes a poet finds a form which so perfectly embodies his thought that it becomes a part of the permanent inheritance of the race, to be used henceforth by those who wish to convey that particular idea. Such is Dante's phrase: "In His will is our peace," and St. Augustine's: "Thou hast made us for Thyself, O Lord, and our hearts are restless until they rest in Thee."

In the same way, the soul seeks to express and gain understanding of itself through a succession of bodies. To express itself outwardly means to reproduce the likeness of the soul and to give outer effect to the inner purpose for which that soul was created. That purpose *is* the soul. The Divine Thought had a purpose in creating the soul; the soul is that purpose. It is what made the soul and gives it life. Obviously, therefore—Omnipotence and Omniscience not being given to making mistakes—the soul has the inherent power to carry out the purpose of its being. That purpose involves manifesting itself and its likeness in outer form. Obviously, also, if it fail to try to fulfil its purpose, it ceases to have a reason for continued existence and is doomed to perish sooner or later. Its immortality must depend on the achievement of its destined course.

To return to our analogy. The soul, conscious, but not yet conscious of

itself and its *raison d'être*—just as we were not conscious of the content of our idea until we had tried to express it—creates a personality, incarnates in it, and, as it were, tests out various possible lines of action. Finding that they are not what it wants, it discards them and tries again. Personality after personality is built up, tested and discarded. As in the case of the effort to clothe an idea in speech, the materials out of which these personalities are built, can be drawn only from the past experience of that soul. Each incarnation adds to the richness of that experience, makes possible a wider choice next time, and reveals a little more of the soul to itself, showing it what its true nature and desire are, and, equally important, what they are not. One of the functions of Karma is to reveal to the soul the nature of the choices it makes, by causing it to experience the effects of its actions, portraying to it, fully and to the end, the essence and inevitable consequences of that which the soul had mistakenly believed to be its desire. After a longer or shorter time, a personality may be built up and so trained by obedience, that it really expresses the purpose of the soul, and accordingly does not have to be obliterated, but can in a sense be used permanently, recreated life after life, as a fitting instrument for the soul's work. It then becomes an individuality in the definition of *Light on the Path*, "An individual is the complete embodiment of a single purpose."

It is only through its material vehicle that we can in general become conscious of the spiritual content of anything. Spirit itself we cannot yet cognize, just as we cannot see light itself but only its reflection. The sunlight streams past the earth through space, but we can only see it when it strikes and is reflected from some material object, such as the moon. In the same way, before we can become conscious of the meaning of a thought, it must take form in our minds, must embody itself in a vehicle which it is the function of the mind to produce for it. It is only the vehicle which comes from the mind. The impulse and content come, not from the mind itself, but from above or below it, from our wills or from our desires as the case may be,—a point to which we shall return later. These "thought-bodies", the forms created by the mind to embody the thought, must be composed of substance finer than any known to us, but they must be substance none the less. Each thought we think has a body in which its existence is continued for a longer or shorter period depending upon the intensity of the thought, the force put into it, and the nature of its content. This fact, incidentally, explains a number of things otherwise inexplicable, such as the unmistakable atmosphere of prayer to be found in certain churches where there has been real devotion.

As the universe is one, governed by one set of laws, and as creation follows the same course whether that which is being created be a thought, an army, or a universe, we may get light on the creative processes of our own minds by endeavouring to follow the operation of the same laws, both in analogies familiar to us, and also, so far as we are able, in the structure of the universe itself. Obviously, any attempt to formulate those great processes in words must be unsuccessful, and, from certain points of view, misleading and false, just as the

attempt to map a sphere on a flat surface inevitably results in distortion. We do not, however, on that account discard all flat maps of the earth's round surface. We use them with due allowance for their admitted incorrectness and limitations. In the same way, realizing the impossibility of grasping the Infinite with a finite mind, we may, nevertheless, get some light even from a flat map.

How and why is an army created? What, for example, did Napoleon do on his return from Elba? He was filled with a single purpose, to protect France against the attacks which he knew the allied nations, under the leadership of England, would immediately launch against her. To give effect to that purpose, he had to incarnate it in an army, which he at once set to work to create in accordance with the plan in his mind. He was himself, of course, familiar with every detail necessary for a perfect army, from the equipment of a private to that of the General Staff, but obviously he could not work out each item of his plan himself. Instead, he sent for his former generals, thoroughly familiar with his ideas, and charged them with the execution of the different parts of his purpose.

First, no doubt, he formed his General Staff, to oversee and co-ordinate the whole, then selected one general for Chief of Cavalry, another for Chief of Artillery, and so on. In creating them generals, the Emperor endowed them with a portion of his authority, with the power and duty, in their turn, to create subordinates, Chiefs of Divisions, each again thereby endowed with such fragment of the central authority as was necessary to enable him to carry out his part of the general plan, to appoint his subordinates, and so on. Each experienced officer knew exactly to the minutest detail the duties of his own position and those of everyone under him, with all that was required for them and just what it was that they ought to do. In each case the subordinate, in his turn, knew and put into effect, the idea in the mind of the chief who appointed him. This idea itself reached back through the intervening military hierarchy to the idea in the Emperor's mind, when he thought of the need to create that division of his army. What happened was that those under him successively gave outer form and expression to his single purpose. Understanding and obeying it, they helped to incarnate it in an actual army of flesh and blood. It became outwardly manifest to all, a potent instrument ready to act on the physical plane, but nothing was there that had not been latent in the original thought of Napoleon. (Nothing, that is, except the self-will, jealousy and personal weaknesses of his officers which subsequently lost Waterloo, and which were hardly part of his plan, although doubtless Napoleon, knowing human nature, foresaw and made what provision he could to correct them).

The *Secret Doctrine* describes this process at the dawn of the Manvantara, and speaks of the universe as arising from Divine Thought, "not *from* but *in* the one Absolute", that is, it arose and is now within the mind of God, not separate from it, not *from* but *in* it. Philo speaks of the Logos and of the plan of the universe, likening it to the plan in the mind of an architect com-

missioned to build a city for his King. He must work out each detail in his mind, streets and squares and houses, palaces, wharves and temples, all that goes to make a perfect city. First the plan must be formed in thought, and then be given outer form in bricks and marble. In the same way, the plan of the universe arises in the mind of the Supreme. This plan cannot be a dead thing. Nothing springing from the Supreme, the source of all life, could be dead. Each thought of God must itself be alive, must itself be a great spiritual Being, formed of the very essence of the Infinite, and so be endowed with infinite power, wisdom and radiance, great in proportion to its nearness to its Creator. When, therefore, the thought of the whole universe first arose, that thought was itself living, a great Being, the "First Logos", if you like, and contained within itself the plan and the potentialities of everything that has since arisen, together with the wisdom, the creative power and purpose to bring it to outer manifestation. It was ensouled with the purpose of the Supreme to create this universe and was itself that purpose. This first "Being", or "Thought", or "Logos", would then further develop and manifest its own being, the purpose to create the universe, thinking the next steps, which were, let us say, solar systems,—not thinking *of* them, but thinking *them*, and not their material forms but their essence, purpose and directing spirit, with the result that they came into being, into life, as great living Beings, full of divine radiance, splendour and wisdom, charged in their turn with carrying out part of the original purpose and endowed to that end with a part of the Divine creative power.

We may think of these living Thoughts of God, the great Beings charged with the creation of solar systems, as in their turn working out the details of their vehicle, reaching, in time, the planets and our earth. This earth, in our view, would, like everything else, first arise as a purpose in the mind of the high Spirit entrusted with the execution of this part of the universal plan. That purpose would be simply a further differentiation of the Divine purpose, not separate from it, for it is an integral part of the original conception, contained in it and one with it. As an integral part of the Divine, it is and must be itself living, immortal, full of the splendour and power of the Divine. The "Planetary Spirits", or "Dhyan Chohans", represent a further differentiation. They, working out the purpose that is themselves, soul of their soul, created hierarchies, each a further development of the original plan, a further working out of its details, each in turn creating other beings below himself, making one unbroken spiritual hierarchy descending downward to man, and stretching upward above him beyond the limits of our highest imagination.

We may picture special hierarchies in charge of plants, of trees, of rocks and metals, of ants and bees and birds, for every atom in the universe is evolving, and is cared for and protected by Divine foresight and tenderness. Truly, the Theosophical philosophy, as given us by Madame Blavatsky and Mr. Judge, is the grandest and most sublime of which the mind of man can conceive.

Of course, universes are not created by Divine Thought out of nothing. *Ex nihilo, nihil fit.* Napoleon, forming his army after Elba, did not create it from the air, or even from raw material. He reappointed his former generals and officers. There have been other manvantaras and other universes before this one. The "thought" of God calls forth from pralaya into renewed activity, the beings who lived in the last manvantara, each at the point of development to which he then attained. Everyone is always given power to the extent to which he can be trusted to use it for Divine ends, and not to divert it to the injury of himself and others. This is a spiritual universe, which is only another way of saying that it is a universe of purpose—purpose being an aspect of spirit. Spirit without purpose is inconceivable. In fact, the test of the genuineness of a "spiritual experience" lies in whether or not it results in right action. To say that "Spirit pervades all", is to say that Universal Purpose pervades all things, to just the extent that those things are able and willing to receive and to express it in action.

The process of creation through intermediate beings does not end with man. Each man is himself in essence a spark of the Infinite, of infinite potentiality and fully representative of the whole. Just as the apple seed contains within itself the full potency of the parent tree, including the power to create new seeds, leaves and fruit, so man's spirit contains within itself all the powers of the Divine, including the creative power. Whether we will or not, whether we like it or not, we are all creating all of the time. The question is: What is it that we are creating? The answer depends upon the centre from which we are acting at any given time, upon the motive of our act, its spirit and purpose.

Man, being composed of a higher and a lower nature, may act either from the lower and selfish, or from the higher, selfless centres. The thoughts that arise in our minds spring, in general, from our desires, and these, in turn, may come either from the higher or from the lower nature. We can learn much of ourselves and of what it is that we are subconsciously desiring, by the observation of our thoughts in leisure moments, our "unpurposed meditations." To what do our minds turn when left to themselves? To idle drifting; to some desired pleasure, some more or less disguised form of vanity, picturing ourselves doing or saying or achieving this or that? or to our duties, to what we can do for others?—to ourselves or to our Master? Thought itself, Manas, has been described as the spark struck off by the interaction of Buddhi, spiritual will, with Kama, personal desire. It is dual, and is called Buddhi-Manas or Kama-Manas according to the principle which dominates its activity. The consciousness of the average man is centred in his lower desires, in Kama-Manas, and he identifies himself immediately and automatically with the desires that arise there, feeling them to be "his" desires. In point of fact, they may not be his desires at all, but may have swept over and engulfed him from outside of himself. The craze for Mah Jong or cross word puzzles is not an isolated phenomenon. This imposition from without is true of far more of our desires than we have any idea of. It is only the disciple who can

know with any certainty what his own true desire really is, and hence only the disciple who is free to follow it.

The mind is a dynamo, a perpetual motion machine, working ceaselessly in the production of thought forms. Many of these forms are merely pictures of what we see around us, or repetitions, often senseless, of what has been said or thought thousands of times before. Such idle thoughts are only shells, with little power or content of any sort, and are correspondingly short-lived. A large number, however, are produced under the pressure of some form of desire, and the vehicle so created is filled at once with the purpose that instigated the thought, good or bad. A man thinks of a thing with desire for it, or repulsion against it, as the case may be, but in both instances filling the mental, imaginative picture, or vehicle, with a content of positive or negative desire, the wish, perhaps not consciously realized, to attain or to avoid it. This element of will and desire is a bit of the man's own life, and makes of that thought a living thing, an entity, in Theosophic terminology an "elemental", with a life and a kind of consciousness of its own, derived from the thinker, belonging to him and yet with a measure of independence, like a rebellious vassal in the days of feudalism.

We may think of the mind as producing its thought-forms under the compulsion of one of two different streams of life-force, sometimes flowing into it from the higher nature above, and sometimes from the lower nature beneath. In both cases, the mind creates the vessel, and the life-stream fills it with a content, clear and pure when from above, muddy and foul when from below. The character of the content is determined by the source from which the stream is flowing at the moment of thinking, and that, in turn, depends on our "centre of self-identification" at the time. Were we feeling ourselves to be the higher, real self, or the lower, reflected personality? With which were we identifying ourselves? When we give this sense of self-identification to anything, feeling "that is my desire, my thought", we impart to it a fragment of our life-force, endowing it thereby with life once ours but henceforth belonging to it, and with a purpose corresponding to our purpose, our desire, as we thought that particular thought. We are continually creating these elementals, and thereby draining ourselves of life-force that should be ours to use for our true purposes. Force put into one desire is not available for another until reclaimed. The result is that most of us are incapable of any thing but pitifully weak feelings in any direction except those few in which we have been building up desire-elementals for years.

The totality of these past thoughts make up our personality, colouring with their colour all that reaches us from outside and all that goes out from us to others. They are endowed with a life and a purpose of their own—once ours as we have said, but no longer under our control. They live on attention, and ceaselessly try to attract ours, and to make us identify ourselves with them, thereby increasing their life. They are also filled with purpose—"our" purpose, as we thought when we created them—which they constantly try to carry out. A drunkard thinks of drink and lets himself desire it, making

thereby an elemental filled with the desire and purpose to gratify that craving. In its effort to express itself, the purpose with which it was filled at its creation, it tries in every way, and at every opportunity, to bring itself to the attention of its unfortunate creator, suggesting incessantly, "*I* want a drink, *I* want a drink." It is within the man himself. He hears the voice, identifies it with himself, and thinks and feels that he himself wants the drink, —though the fact very likely is that he loathes it, and himself for yielding to it, and may, perhaps, have been fighting desperately against it. The desire for pleasure, for sensation, for sex; for the gratification of vanity or of any one of the thousand other desires of lower nature, works in just the same way.

No man lives to himself alone, and neither our thoughts nor our acts are isolated phenomena, affecting ourselves only. The effect of thought is as if each thought were double, one part remaining within us, like the retained carbon copy of a business letter, and the other going out into the world, colouring and affecting by so much the world's psychic atmosphere. It has been said that many a man, making a really heroic struggle against some overmastering passion, and just holding his own against it, has been pushed over the brink of ruin by thought-desires which came over him from without, springing perhaps from some mind that, sure of its own strength, and that it would not yield to the sin in outer act, nevertheless played mentally with the thought of it. Like radio, minds tuned by past wrong thinking to certain "wave lengths", pick up the similar thoughts of others from the atmosphere around them, thus reinforcing the evil within themselves.

Tradition says that, between his earth lives, every man must go back over all his past thoughts, each one passing in review before the thinker. What a terrible purgatory, to go a second time through the whole mass of idle, mental inanities; the mountains of commonplace; vulgar selfishness or vanity; the envy; the jealousy; the self-pitying, whining complaints at our hard fate! The mere thought of the boredom of it, should be enough to terrify us into becoming mental saints at once.

Our present point, however, is the immediate effect on ourselves of these creations of ours. Each thought vehicle, that we create and fill with desire, receives from us a portion of our life-force and of our store of purpose—that store which we received in trust when we were ourselves created, and which was designed to bring us to the full stature of our growth in the spiritual world, to make us "perfect as the Father in heaven is perfect". It is that for which we were created, and for which we were ensouled with a living spark of the Infinite,—infinite itself in its potentialities for growth and development. "The future of the soul is the future of a thing to whose growth and splendour there is no limit." "There are all the powers of nature before you, take what you can." They are there for us to take, and we have been given the power and the duty so to develop ourselves that in time we may take them. It has been said that there is no force in the universe, no power of the Divine, that man is not destined ultimately to wield. That is the path of our evolution, and the purpose with which and of which we were created.

The question is: What have we done with that store of purpose—of spirit—entrusted to us? Have we been faithful or false trustees? Does our purpose run true, or have we perverted it to our own ends, the ends of the personality? What is our purpose in life? Or rather, how innumerable and petty are our purposes, day by day, and minute by minute! Watch and see how each desire for self diminishes by just so much the force available for one's real purpose, or for that matter, for any other use, good or bad. It is locked in that particular thought-vehicle, that elemental, which henceforth seeks to carry out the purpose with which it was endowed at birth, and no other. When a man lets himself desire candy—of any sort, on any plane—that amount of force is thenceforth only active in seeking to draw his attention to candy, and to make him think that he wants it.

Fortunately, these lower desires are for the most part self-contradictory, and weaken not only us but each other. Many a man has been saved from drunkenness, for example, by vanity—by what would, in one more advanced spiritually, be the "vice of human respect". On the other hand, the higher desires are harmonious, tending to one goal, each one strengthening all the others and, obedient to our wills, adding by so much to the force at our disposal. Most of us have pitifully little power of desire left. We want what we want so feebly. We love with such a faint flicker. It is not that we lack the power of love or desire, but that we have left free for our own use not one hundredth part of what we should have. It is only when this dissipated force of desire is reclaimed from its elemental jailers, that we can commence to use it as we will, to desire as we truly desire, and not merely as a result of past habit. It is only then that a man's true force begins to be at the service of his own will, only then that he begins to be free.

J. F. B. M.

A perfect man ought always to be busied in conquering himself. He must suit himself to the manners and tempers of others; but he ought always to be master of his own heart and actions.—CONFUCIUS.

DELPHI

FORTUNATE is he who travels to Greece in the spring, and in his journeyings comes up the Corinthian Gulf to land at Itea, and thence climb the two thousand feet to Delphi, which lies on the lower slopes of Mount Parnassus. In the clear air and brilliant sunshine of an April day, the sea sparkles with iridescent lights, amethyst, sapphire, "wine-dark,"—where fall the deep shadows from rock or cliff. In the early morning the bay is silent and still, save for the flight of gulls; then the sun rises behind the hills, and the snow-peak of Parnassus gleams in the clearer light. In an opening passage of Euripides' drama, the "Ion," the priest greets the dawn over the holy mountain: "Parnassus' untrodden peaks, bathed in light, receive for mortals the wheels of day. The smoke of incense rises up. . . . Phœbus' ministers come to the shrine." It is impossible to describe the effect of light and shade in that sparkling atmosphere of the coast-lands of Greece, where distance seems obliterated and infinite gradations of colour are clearly defined.

The road up to Delphi winds along the hillside, through olive groves, gleaming with silver light, by verdant fields, past rocky ledges, where grow an abundance of wild flowers—blue anemones and scarlet poppies and yellow saxifrage. Half-way up is the village of Chrisso, with white-washed cottages and gnarled olive trees; thence the traveller climbs to Kastri, a new village, built when French enterprise, at the end of last century, undertook to clear the site of Delphi, where the village stood, and rebuild the cottages, a short distance away, to render possible the excavations. The traveller, following the bend of the road, suddenly comes to Delphi, the centre of Greek civilization and worship, and the holiest shrine of Hellas.

To the Greeks it was indeed the centre of the world; legend told how Zeus had sent two eagles to fly towards each other from the ends of the earth, and they met at Delphi, at a spot marked by an ancient conical stone, the omphalos. The sacred spring of Castalia rises in a deep gorge, guarded on either side by the Phædriades, the Shining ones, two great rocks whose surface reflects the slanting rays of the sun as it illumines them. All around are the hills; Parnassus, the haunt of the Muses, towers to its snow-peak above; opposite is Mount Cirphis; below the Pleistus valley, sloping down to the plain of Crisa and the gleaming sea. No description can give any idea of the grandeur of the surroundings; it is said that they are most impressive in the summer-time, when the contrast between the heat of the mountain-side, and the dark coolness of the gorge, is so great as to cause amazement. At all times of the year the traveller might feel a strange enchantment in the place, and experience something of its stillness.

From earliest days, Delphi was regarded as a holy place, and it is interesting to consider the claims which it made on Greek worship, and the influence

which extended, far and wide, through the oracle. It is said that the shrine first belonged to Gæa, the goddess of the Earth, then to Poseidon, afterwards to Themis, the deity of law and right, who gave it as a gift to Apollo, and he was the presiding god throughout historic times. There is an early Homeric hymn[1] telling how Apollo, the Far-Darter, Lord of the silver bow, came down from Olympus and travelled to Parnassus; there he met and slew the dragoness Pytho, and established his dwelling at Delphi. The god looked out to sea and saw a ship coming up the west coast, having sailed from Cnossos, with Cretan sailors on board; he leapt on to the ship and led it to Crisa, and sprang on shore, in form like a star; his splendour flashed around and caused terror. He led the Cretans in triumph to Delphi, and appointed them as guardians of his temple. The connection between Crete and Delphi persisted throughout the centuries; in Crete itself, there are traces of the worship of the Delphian Apollo. This is all the more interesting when it is remembered that Cretan art shows marked Egyptian influence, and it is thought by many that Crete was the stepping-stone between Egypt and Greece. It is just possible, therefore, to form a link between Delphi and Egypt, in the South. The cult of Apollo is said to have come from the East, perhaps from Babylonia, whence came also the god's connection with the number seven; in the Iliad, the god is seen as an ally of Troy. He himself came down from northern Olympus, and legend told how, in the winter-time he left his dwelling at Delphi, to retire to the land of the Hyperboreans,—that strange region of the dwellers beyond the North Wind. Delphi also looked towards the West. From the eighth century B.C. onwards, colonial enterprise was active along the west coast of Greece, and on the shores of Italy and Sicily; it is recorded that every newly-founded colony was placed under the protection of Apollo Archegetes, the Leader. It is interesting, therefore, to trace the connection of the god with the four directions of the earth, and to find how the influence of Delphi spread out in concentric circles, from the oracle and shrine.

The cult of Apollo seems to have evoked what was best in Greek religion and worship. It is true that the god himself is not always seen in a favourable light; the many varied stories current in Greek mythology caused a good deal of confusion to those who wished to see, in the deity, a divine agency, free from human passion and lust. The whole subject of classical mythology is a difficult one. It is probable that the nature-cults of earlier peoples were taken over by the invading Hellenes, transformed into the legends of their own deities, and elaborated, through the power of their vivid imagination, till the gods were represented as little more than powerful human beings whose lives were often anything but inspiring. It will be remembered that Plato, in his *Republic*, criticizes the "immoral" theology of Homer, and asserts that the deity must be all-good and all-just. He would not allow those baser myths to have any place in his educational system. Pindar, who is the relig-

[1] *Homeric Hymns*, translated by Andrew Lang.

ious poet *par excellence*, rejects immoral stories of the gods. He reflects the attitude of many thoughtful Greeks who agreed that "if the gods are evil, then they are no gods." In later times, the Neo-Platonists sought to explain Greek myths, by giving them an allegorical interpretation. In his true aspect, Apollo typifies the radiance of Light Eternal; in his attributes he is seen to be influential in many activities of life. He is, first of all, the "Far-Darter," lord of the Bow, the sworn enemy of the wicked, whom he destroys; he is also the healer, though in this respect he is less known than Aesculapius; he is the lord of song, and is often represented with a lyre; he is the protector of cattle, and he delights in the foundation of towns and colonies; he is the lord of prophecy, and the source of inspiration of the oracle at Delphi. Finally, in connection with the cult at Delphi, he is especially associated with the ceremonies of purification, and he is called Catharsios, the Purifier. Two oracular answers[2] are given in the Greek anthology, which illustrate this aspect: (1) "Stranger, if pure of soul, enter into the sanctuary of the god of purity, having but touched the sacred stream. For lustration is an easy matter for the good. As for the wicked man, not the whole ocean with its waves, could wash him clean." (2) "No defilement can ever touch virtue. But whoso is baneful of heart withdraw, for the washing of thy body will never cleanse thy soul."

Worship, which is instinctive in the heart of man, is directed towards the Eternal, in places such as Delphi. In all true worship there are two essential elements, aspiration and purification. Man looks up to the "everlasting hills," and makes obeisance to the Power at work in the Universe, and manifested in all Creation; he sees his own insignificance, and that he is afar off "in a region of no resemblance," and he finds within him a yearning for the purity of heart which will enable him to approach nearer to that power, to worship in Spirit and in Truth. From those two factors is born a third, the idea of Sacrifice. At first it is interpreted very literally, in terms of material offerings brought to propitiate the deity; after a long time, man discovers that he himself must be the offering, and he comes at last to understand the meaning of self-surrender.

From the ninth century, Delphi had a rich sanctuary, showing that Greeks came from far and near, to worship there. Various festivals were inaugurated; the Theophania was held in the spring, to celebrate the return of Apollo from the land of the Hyperboreans; the Septerion, a kind of religious drama, represented the victory of Apollo over the Pytho. The real Pythian festival was the Theoxenia, when Apollo welcomed the rest of the Olympian deities to Delphi, and musical contests were held. Afterwards, the usual games were added; chariot-races took place on the plain below, and in the stadium at Delphi was held the pentathlon,—running, leaping, throwing the discus, throwing the spear, and wrestling. The first Pythiad, when the games were celebrated, was in 582 B.C., and thereafter the celebrations took place every four years, throughout classical times. The Delphic oracle was at its height

[2] *The Delphic Oracle.* T. Dempsey.

in the seventh and sixth centuries. Herodotus tells that King Croesus, from far-off Lydia, sent wonderful gold-offerings to Delphi—he wished to appear as the adopted son of Hellas—and sent to inquire of the god, concerning his projected campaign against Persia. The oracle replied that if he crossed the river Halys he would destroy a mighty empire; he did—but the empire was his own! There was always a close connection between Delphi and Athens; when the early temple of Apollo was destroyed in 548, it was rebuilt by the enterprise of the great Athenian family of the Alcmæonids. To this period belong some of the famous buildings of Delphi—traces of which are still extant—in particular the treasury of the Siphnians, said to be a marvel of decorative art. The famous Athenian treasury of Pentelic marble, was dedicated after the battle of Marathon in 490. The protection of the shrine had been taken over, from the sixth century, by a league of states known as the Delphic Amphictiony; this league met twice a year, and became an important element, making for unity, in Greek political life. Its power continued, unchallenged, for two centuries, when it was superseded by the rising power of Macedon. Alexander the Great transferred the oracle to his own capital, though it was afterwards reinstated at Delphi, and was still influential in Roman times. The temple of Apollo was destroyed by fire, during the reign of Sulla; the emperor Nero ordered it to be rebuilt and enlarged, but afterwards took away some five hundred bronze statues from the precinct. There was a temporary revival of the religious attraction of the shrine in the first and second centuries A.D. Later on, Julian the Apostate, when he had renounced Christianity, and returned to paganism, sent to restore the temple, but the oracle declared: "The bright citadel has fallen to the ground; the speaking water is quenched." At the moment of his death, the emperor acknowledged once more the power of Christ, the King, in that tragic exclamation: "O Galilean, thou hast conquered!" In 390 A.D. the Christian emperor Theodosius closed the oracle, and his successor razed the place to the ground, thus seeking to destroy the influence which had gone out from Delphi for more than a thousand years.

As a result of this destruction, and of subsequent earthquakes, there are only fragmentary remains of the buildings and monuments which were famous in Greek art. The most striking of these is probably the bronze statue of the Delphic charioteer, dedicated by a Sicilian prince in 470 B.C., and still in a good state of preservation. It is remarkable especially for the vivid treatment of the eyes, in enamel work and onyx, showing how the Greek sculptors achieved a living expression of the eyes and face, though this has not survived in the other extant remains of Greek art. There is an interesting archaic Sphinx, dedicated by the Naxians in the sixth century. It is known that the whole precinct around the temple was crowded with statues and sculptured monuments, votive tablets and offerings; the remains of some of them can still be traced, with the help of the detailed descriptions of Pausanias, the writer of voluminous and accurate guide-books in ancient times. French excavations, begun in 1891, have brought to light the emplacements of the various

treasuries.[3] The Sacred Way, of paved stones, is clearly seen, in the shape of a Z, leading up the hill to the Sybil's rock, sacred from time immemorial; above it stood the temple of Apollo, the holy of holies. Its deep foundations have been excavated, showing chambers and pits which were perhaps used for storing treasure. Above the temple is the theatre of Dionysus, on a splendid site, and remarkable—as all Greek theatres—for its acoustic properties. High up the hill, above all the buildings, the stadium has been discovered, with its level running-track, and tiers of seats, commanding a magnificent view over Delphi, and down to the valley and sea. It needs but a little imagination to picture the splendid athletes coming in procession along the Sacred Way, past the temple, and up the hill, to try their skill at the various contests.

The games were a part of religious observance and were, in early times, an incentive to achieve and maintain a fine standard of physical fitness and endurance. It was not till later, when the games became professionalized, that they fell away from their first ideal. For the Greeks of the best period had a genius for combining all sides of life,—physical balance and harmony, trained perception of beauty and aesthetic value, artistic appreciation, creative genius (revealed in sculpture and architecture), and the whole brought under the influence of the religious instinct, and working towards a noble ideal,—an ideal too rarely achieved and, unfortunately, too soon forgotten. The inscriptions along the Sacred Way are votive tablets and hymns to Apollo, with musical notation. Music and poetry formed an important part of the ceremonies, and the best of dramatic art was seen in the plays given at the theatre. The Greeks understood that the drama was valuable in "purifying the emotions through pity and fear," though the description is inadequate to define all that was intended and achieved by their tragedies. Once again, imagination can bring the dead stones to life, and people those empty spaces with the throngs of worshippers, whose first duty it was to seek purification at the spring of Castalia before they approached the temple of the god. Below the spring is seen the wrestling ground and bathing pool reserved for the athletes, and close by are the marble remains of a circular temple dedicated to Athene Pronoia, the goddess of forethought and Wisdom.

Delphi, as the centre of worship for Greek states, served to promote the idea of Pan-Hellenic unity. The Amphictiony developed the system of keeping a holy truce, between states, during religious festivals; the ritual was seriously enforced. Tithes were exacted, from newly-founded colonies, and priests (exegetae) were appointed to act as advisers, in Athens and other states, on political and religious matters. The Greeks did not separate religion and politics; those two aspects of life were closely connected and interdependent. Delphi became an international meeting-ground; annals and records were kept there, which Herodotus sometimes consulted, for historical information. The oracle was instrumental in reviving and promoting hero-cult, as an incen-

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[3] *Delphi.* Frederik Poulsen.

tive to living men to follow in the footsteps of their great predecessors. This seems to be an important element in many religious systems, and the Greek hero-cult has been compared with the Roman Catholic policy of the canonization of saints, who would serve as living examples of sanctity, to others. In religious affairs, the influence of the oracle made for unity, but there was a fine spirit of toleration and open-mindedness, which prevented beliefs from hardening into dogmatic utterance. Xenophon records that a man once asked the oracle how he could best worship the gods: "According to the custom of thy city," was the reply, showing a world of wisdom within the span of two words, νόμῳ πόλεως. Apollo himself seems to have encouraged the cult of Dionysus, the companion deity who took possession of Delphi during the winter months. Dionysus was the patron of song, and of the drama, but his influence was especially connected with the Mysteries at Eleusis and the Orphic teaching concerning the Immortality of the Soul.

Of the poets, Pindar was intimately connected with Delphi, and he composed a number of his famous lyrics in honour of the Pythian games. The Delphians reserved for him a place of honour, and gave him a share of the first-fruits offered to Apollo; his descendants were welcome guests at the festivals. The poet is remarkable in his understanding of true freedom; he speaks of god-built liberty, θεόδματος ἐλευθερία, and it is this idea of freedom which is one of the most important contributions of Delphi to classical thought. In practical affairs, the enfranchisement of slaves was made easier at Delphi than elsewhere; in the realm of politics, the oracle usually gave evidence against tyranny; in individual life, the religious influence was exerted in the direction of penetrating wisdom and wide toleration.

Much has been written concerning the workings of the oracle, and the method of divination in force at Delphi. In general there were two kinds of divination, (1) a rational procedure, by the interpretation of omens; (2) a divine inspiration, μαντικὴ ἔνθεος, which was the method used at Delphi. Physical causes certainly contributed to this method of divination. In the rock over which the temple of Apollo was built, there was a natural chasm which, at times, emitted vapours,—a geological feature readily understandable in that region which was, not infrequently, subject to earth tremors. The cleft and vapour no longer exist, and it is supposed that later disturbances or landslips have obliterated all trace of them. The traditional account of the founding of the oracle was that the goat-herd Coretas accidentally came near the chasm, and was seized with frenzy, and prophesied. When the cult was established, a Pythian priestess was chosen, from Delphi, to be the instrument of the god's oracular responses. She had to be a woman of blameless life, over fifty years of age; no intellectual qualifications were necessary, and she was often quite uneducated; she was dressed as a young girl, and was sometimes assisted by two minor priestesses. When the time came for the consultants to put their question to the god, there was a regular form of procedure. The applicants bathed in the spring of Castalia, drew lots for the order in which the questions were to be asked, then approached the adyta

—the sacred enclosure of the temple—to put the question. Women were not allowed to come in person, but might ask questions by proxy. The Pythia bathed, chewed a laurel leaf, took up her position close to the chasm, and then declaimed. The priests of the temple (prophetæ) put these utterances into hexameter verse, so as to be intelligible to the multitude. The responses were often ambiguous, and capable of various interpretations, but sometimes they were clear-cut and definite.

It would seem, from this account, that here was every opportunity for trickery or chicanery. The remarkable thing is that the reputation of the oracle remained so high, throughout classical times, and the priests seem to have maintained a fine standard of character. They remained incorrupt, and were influential in maintaining standards of truth and honesty, nor is there any record of the misuse of the vast power which was in their hands. The records which do exist show that, on occasion, the oracle gave wise advice to states, in difficult situations, and truthful answers to individuals who came, in perplexity, to consult the god. There are three possible hypotheses to explain the rationale of the oracle. The first is that the answers were fictitious inventions of the priests who gave them out. The verdict of antiquity is against this. Pindar's poetry shows confidence in Apollo; the poet asserts his omniscience and declares that the god can have "nothing to do with falsehood." Of the tragic poets, Aeschylus and Sophocles have complete faith in the oracle; Euripides hesitates, but his belief in Greek theology, in general, is uncertain. Plato, in his ideal Republic, allows for the cult of Apollo who will continue to watch over legislation, and the foundation of temples: "For it is this god, I suppose, who from his seat by the Omphalos at the earth's centre, is the national Expounder of such things." He declares, in the *Laws*, that no cult is to be altered without the approval of the oracle of Apollo at Delphi, and of Zeus at Dodona. In Roman times, Plutarch declares his confidence in Apollo, who loves the Truth; both Plutarch and Cicero assert the veracity of the oracle. This, in general, is the opinion of antiquity.

The second hypothesis is that the answers were arrived at, by a process of logical reasoning, on the part of the priests. This is probably true in regard to many answers given, on political situations. Delphi itself was an excellent information-bureau; records were obtained from the agents (exegetæ) in various states, and the priests were well versed in current affairs. There were five special priests (hosioi), in addition to the prophets (prophetæ) and expounders (exegetæ); all were held in reverence, and their influence seems to have been in the direction of truth and righteousness. They were reponsible for the wording of the oracular responses, but these were always supposed to be founded on the direct inspiration of the deity, through the utterances of the Pythian priestess. This leads to the third hypothesis,—that the oracles were genuine revelations. It is difficult to believe that this was always the case; sometimes the oracle was consulted about quite trivial affairs, and it can hardly be supposed that the attention of the deity was concerned with trifling considerations. On the other hand, there were occasions of great moment,

when the response of the oracle guided the whole course of events, in the life of a nation or an individual, and it is possible to believe that, at such times, there was divine guidance behind the answers which represented, in truth, the "voice of the god." There comes in also the question of clairvoyance and clairaudience, as a possible explanation of the utterances which were prophetic. The Greeks did not define or analyse the matter, as far as we know, but were content to accept the phenomena as divine, in origin.

Some investigation of oracles given, at different times, may serve to prove this point of view. It seems that Delphi laid the foundation of a national conscience. Herodotus tells of the Spartan Glaucus, reputed to be a just man. A Milesian entrusted him with the custody of money, and on his death, his children claimed the sum. Glaucus refused payment, and sent to Delphi to know if, by a false oath, he could keep the money! He received a severe rejoinder from the oracle, and, though he gave back the money, he was punished for his evil intent, for "to tempt the god and to do evil are one and the same thing." This was a recognition that the motive power of sin is in the evil will,—an advance on an earlier moral standpoint. Pythagoras is said to have borrowed his doctrines from Delphi, in the sixth century B.C., but this is stated on the authority of Diogenes Laertius, who is not always reliable in his evidence. The most famous instance of the influence of the oracle is the answer given in regard to Socrates. A friend and impetuous admirer of his, Chaerophon, asked the god at Delphi if anyone were wiser than Socrates, and the answer was given that there was no one wiser. Now Socrates had no great opinion of his own wisdom, and in order to investigate this matter, in his searching way,[4] he went about questioning many wise men, and he incurred their enmity by proving to them that they were not really wise. He went through "Herculean labours" to question many different types of men, politicians, poets, artisans; all these were cross-examined, out of "devotion to the god," to find out what was the true meaning of the oracle. As a result of the search, Socrates determined that God alone is wise; he is wisest who, like himself, realizes that his wisdom is in truth worth nothing at all. It is suggested that Socrates was confirmed in his spiritual call through the answer of the oracle, and that his career thereafter was directed in accordance with the promptings of that inner voice, which was a guiding influence in his life. In later times, Cicero consulted the oracle as to how a man might obtain the highest fame: "Make his own nature, not the opinion of the multitudes, the guide of his life," was the discerning answer given.

Among the most important factors, in the influence which extended from Delphi, must be reckoned the inscriptions written upon the wall of the temple of Apollo. Two of them were especially famous; they were said to have been the utterances of two of the Seven Sages. (1) γνῶθι σεαυτόν, Know thyself; (2) μηδὲν ἄγαν, Avoid extremes, or seek the Golden Mean. The first of these was a reminder to man of his impotence before the gods; afterwards

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4 Plato. *The Apology.*

it became a call to spiritual self-knowledge, and, as such, it is the foundation of every true religious and philosophical system. It became, through Socrates, an important element in Greek thought, and Plato took it as his holiest text, seeing that recognition of ignorance is the beginning of wisdom. The second inscription is a particular aspect of the Greek genius, though the idea can be traced back to its possible source in Eastern philosophy. It is the appreciation of the true value of balance and harmony, of the right sense of proportion, which is an essential quality, too often lacking among even the finest men and women. It is an understanding of the approach to Truth, through the reconciliation of divergent opinions, which are but one-sided aspects of Truth; and it is also practical advice for conduct in daily life. Plato gives a third text, which is also attributed to one of the Seven Sages. (3) ἐγγύα, πάρα δ'ἄτα, Pledge your surety for another, and ruin awaits you. The immediate purpose of this utterance is not so obvious. Perhaps it is wise advice to beware of taking on reponsibility for the affairs of another,—"the Dharma of another is full of danger." The word ἄτη is interesting, as revealing profound psychological insight. It is, in reality, moral delusion or blindness sent by the gods, as a punishment for rash or unwise actions; it reveals an understanding of the fact that one of the most dangerous consequences of unwisdom is the moral blindness that comes from sin, and leads to further imprudence. In the records of Delphi, mention is made of the letter E, a mysterious symbol denoting the believer's assurance in the existence of the god. Nothing more is known of what it represented, though it was perhaps a call to faith, as the foundation of spiritual knowledge.

Students of Greek history cannot fail to be impressed by the divergence between the Greek insight into spiritual truth, and the low standard of moral conduct which frequently obtained in their ordinary life. On this subject, generalizations are dangerous, yet one may hazard a guess that the early downfall of the Greek civilization, so soon after it had reached its zenith, may have been due to just that failure to live up to the light received. "Young men have seen the light and walked upon earth, but the way of the Truth they have not known." The Greeks had a vivid imagination, rare intuition, a fine ideal of Freedom, a genuine devotion to the search for Truth, but they did not, as a whole, realize the responsibility for action which insight and knowledge inevitably bring. They did not understand the vital necessity of bringing their conduct into line, by discipline and training, along moral and spiritual lines. The early development of the race, which was so full of promise, failed to reach maturity, the fine flower of its civilization drooped and died, all too soon. Spiritual aspiration became transformed into psychic desire; aesthetic appreciation deteriorated into the worship of physical beauty, for its own sake. It has been suggested that, because of their sensuality, the Greeks failed to achieve the high destiny which should have been the heritage of the race as a whole. In later times, it was the mission of St. Paul, the Apostle to the Greeks, to rouse them to a new sense of the responsibility conferred by a wider vision of the Truth, and to suggest the value of athletic

training, as applied to the inner life. He showed that it was through discipline that men might attain true Freedom, the "glorious liberty of the children of God."

As a contrast to the Greek view of life, one may turn to the standard of life and conduct achieved by the Christians of the Middle Ages, in particular by those who sought perfection by means of asceticism. They achieved much, in the way of heroism and devotion, but along a narrow line; they were, too often, thwarted in their vision of Truth, by dogmatic utterance, and the failure to admit, as reasonable, any belief but their own; or they were impeded in their efforts by a physique undermined through unwise austerities. They had the trained will, but too little wisdom, and therefore they failed to reach that standard of perfection which was their true vocation. Students of Theosophy find in its teachings a reconciliation of both points of view; they learn to recognize that wisdom, without will, is a source of danger; they come to understand that will, not directed by wisdom, becomes a blunted tool. Throughout Theosophical literature, there is repeated that maxim which contains the Wisdom of the ages, "Know thyself"; there is a constant reminder of the need to cultivate balance and avoid excess, the Golden Mean; the first principle of the Society is a living embodiment of the spirit of toleration and wide-mindedness which was characteristic of Delphi. There is, once again, the call to the individual to "make good," where a previous race of men have failed; to find, through the way of self-conquest, the means to serve humanity, that it may attain, at last, its great and glorious inheritance. Aristotle defines the life of the gods as uninterrupted activity, guided by the highest insight; it is the power of right thought and aspiration, translated into action, which will raise men towards that divine ideal. The Greeks who came to worship at Delphi, believed that there they were in the presence of the deity, and they established a cult which was free to all, and far-embracing as the distant horizon. Thus the power which was in the place was intensified, and spread out in ever-widening circles, for the Muses dwelt on Parnassus, and Apollo spoke through his oracle, and Athene directed men's hearts towards the Eternal Wisdom. In the fellowship of the Immortals and under their Leadership, it is given to mortal men to aspire, to worship, to sacrifice, to endure, to attain, at the last, to their true inheritance, which is Immortality.

S. C.

LA FRANCE ETERNELLE

Heureux qui, comme Ulysse, a fait un beau voyage,
Ou comme celui-là qui conquit la toison,
Et puis est retourné, plein d'usage et raison,
Vivre entre ses parents le reste de son age!

Quand reverrai-je, hélas, de mon petit village
Fumer la cheminée: et en quelle saison
Reverrai-je le clos de ma pauvre maison,
Qui m'est une province, et beaucoup d'avantage?

Plus me plaît le séjour qu'ont bâti mes aïeux,
Que des palais romains le front audacieux:
Plus que le marbre dur me plaît l'ardoise fine,

Plus mon Loire gaulois, que le Tibre latin,
Plus mon petit Lyré, que le mont Palatin,
Et plus que l'air marin la douceur angevine.

JOACHIM DU BELLAY, 1525–1560.

IN the year 1911, an orator widely known in America referred to France as a country that, by self-admission, was decadent; and he proceeded to explain that wars had caused this deplorable condition by killing off the flower of successive generations. The orator's words meant little to the audience, in that far off time of peace; but they disturbed one man who happened to remember that almost fifteen hundred years had passed since Clovis, in gratitude for victory, had publicly accepted the religion then so notably exemplified in St. Genevieve, and at the time of his baptism had presented to Christ the little kingdom of France which was so slowly consolidating. Fifteen hundred years has seemed to represent the average life-cycle of a nation—Egypt and other lands, after an honourable career, coming in that time to an inglorious end,—and the uneasy man asked himself, "Does a similar fate await France?" For the demesne given by Clovis to Christ, such a different hope had been entertained—must it, too, degenerate and perish as ordinary kingdoms had done? In the past, race after race had toiled its way up the hill of difficulty to "a brilliant efflorescence of all that is intellectual, mental and material," but, the summit reached, a mad plunge downward had followed, to chaos and barbarism. Could that be what was in store for Roland's "sweet country of France"—"to be laid low" as was "holy Ilios, and Priam and the folk of Priam"? Must Rheims and Chartres lie in the dust, another Parthenon?

Three years later, the Great War gave the lie to that prognostication, for when France called upon her sons, they answered with courage, energy and endurance, gladly pouring out the last drop of blood for home and country. Strong in their sacrifices, inspired by many examples of nobility and heroism, France looks ahead with confidence. The year 1925 added another record, in the form of extracts from the journal of Jacques d'Arnoux, a Norman lad, eighteen years old when the War started.

After leaving school, he enrolled successively in the cavalry, infantry, and finally in the air-service. Such was his first contact with life outside his devout family circle,—and as he found how easy was the descent into dissipation and vice, he finally began to pray that his weakness might be protected. Shortly after that, he was engaged in an aerial combat, in which his pilot was shot dead, and his unguided plane fell to earth between the lines, close to the German trenches. By what must seem a miracle, d'Arnoux, then twenty-one years of age, escaped instant death, but as he recovered from the shock of the fall, he found himself completely paralyzed, from the waist, down. Forty-eight hours of agonizing suspense followed his return to consciousness. French volunteers went out repeatedly, but could not reach him through the incessant German barrage, until, at the end of two days, a friendly fog descended at daybreak upon that No Man's land, enabling d'Arnoux's comrades to carry him back within the French line.

His injuries were incredible—the chief being a lesion of the spinal cord that caused paralysis, though in addition to that, there seemed no spot, from head to foot, outside or inside, that was not cruelly hurt. Five years of hospital treatment followed; five years of surgery as painful as his first injuries. His journal was written during those years of torture, compared with which, he says, the torments invented by Dante for his "Inferno" would be like fragrant ointments. From the first, he accepted his situation, with its excruciating physical and mental pain, as the "Will of God"; but, by the word, *accept*, we must understand something different from the condition of self-pity and negativeness which it often connotes. For Jacques d'Arnoux, to accept the will of God meant connection with an inexhaustible reservoir of force and felicity that insured victory over every kind and degree of obstacle. At eighteen, he appeared a rather harum-scarum lad, with potentiality for good if the pitfalls of youth could be avoided. His acceptance of so-called ill-fate had clothed the boy with a mantle of heroism, dignity, and saintliness, and had so deepened his force of will, that, lying motionless in bed, his torso encased in plaster, he became an incandescent torch that illumines our minds and kindles our hearts. Against negativeness and self-pity, on any plane, he turned with rage and fury, writing:

"Lukewarmness, lack of interest, gloominess, disillusionment: my mortal enemies. I will persecute them savagely. When charity permits, I will push away, without mercy, those who chill, those who blow an east wind, those who clip your wings; those vampires who, without a word, know the secret of drying up your tongue, and of emptying your heart and soul. Brood of the jeal-

ous, weak, and self-centred, who can be recognized by these signs: they are hermetically sealed within themselves, critical, contradictory, mocking. Wretches! Look at them,—unwitting enemies of Him who said: 'I am come to send fire on the earth; and what will I, if it be already kindled?' When they speak, close their mouths. If you are unable to do this, fly from them; they are unwholesome, full of contagion."

Enthusiasm, the unreasoned instinct of the child, to which alone Heaven's gate is opened—is in him the natural and inevitable consequence of accepting God's will. "What is enthusiasm? It is God in us. Even in a pagan poet, its source is divine. Enthusiasm is the divine man stirring within us."

Persons who are afflicted with the kind of elementals that are cleverish at criticism will exchange pitying smiles over his enthusiasms, since, while maintaining a flame that was steadfast, he was constantly discovering new objects upon which to centre his burning interest. Wherever he found an example of energy, force, intensity of will, or tenacity of purpose—in life, or literature or in art—to that he built an altar. First, he fell madly in love with that creature of gigantic volition, Edgar Allan Poe's *Ligeia*, fascinated by Poe's description of her: "Who knoweth the mysteries of the will, with its vigour? For God is but a great will pervading all things by nature of its intentness. Man doth not yield him to the angels, nor unto death utterly, save only through the weakness of his feeble will. An intensity in thought, action, or speech, was possibly, in her, a result, or at least an index, of that gigantic volition."

His second object of adoration was a forceful creation of Michael Angelo's, the drawing of a Greek Fury, and a photograph of the Fury had to be brought from Italy to take its place beside his pillow. The *Winged Victory* (of Samothrace) became his third idolatry, and to such a point did ardour carry him, that, at night, pulling himself up in bed (the plaster cast had by this time been removed), he would engage in amicable altercation with God, warning God that He might just as well yield in the beginning as in the end, for that he, d'Arnoux, would not cease bombarding Him with prayers, would not cease receiving Communion in the name of His Divine Son and *for this express purpose*, until God should assure him that He had admitted into Heaven the unknown sculptor who fashioned that glorious statue. The cynical who can smile with pity over these illusions, as they would call them, are, to speak truly, merely freezing with envy of his ability to kindle his own generous admiration.

It was not alone in the field of "mad" devotion that his enthusiasm expended itself, for he tried its effect upon his harassed body as well. More than half-dead as he was, he might experiment boldly upon his physical frame, he thought, with the hope of restoring a little vitality to his nerveless members. Discovering that a slight power of contraction remained in his paralyzed legs, and hoping that exercise might increase their sensitiveness, he held his muscles contracted for three, four, and five hours a day, noticing with delight, that the exercise raised his temperature. It then occurred to him to begin deep breathing exercises, and again he was gratified with the improvement that

cold air seemed to bring. Physicians and nurses protested against the madness of his course—a cold room, wide open windows, in February; but in reply, he showed his neck, covered with perspiration. To avoid anything like morbid absorption in his own physiology, d'Arnoux forced himself to do mental work during the periods of muscle exercise, studying Greek, and reading Shakespeare, and other classics,—increasingly happy as he ascertained that his mental faculties, as well as his physical ones, were quickened by the routine he had imposed upon himself. In March, there is this entry in his diary:

"This morning you all but rang for someone to close your window: you are getting soft. Those shivers prove your cowardice. Your motor is missing, there is loss of speed: this must stop. The best source of heat is within you, and that ought to suffice during your five hours of exercise. Hurry up, for the last blasts of winter are here. Let them whip your indolence. Your nerves must be in good shape before the warmth of spring.

"Above all, talk no more of fatigue—I am not joking. . . . Fatigue! How many times have you not successfully thrashed the feline self-indulgence out of that tiger cat. The horsewhip, take the horsewhip again."

"For the last two days, there has been no fire in your prayer, in your work, in your decisions,—you are growing slack. Replace slowness with speed, horsewhip all inertia, galvanize by fury this morning Nirvana."

Excited by the success of his varied efforts, d'Arnoux let eagerness carry him too far, and, sleepless, at three A.M., one December morning, he wrote:

"Since last night, I have been drained by the octopus of melancholy. It is a sign, rare with me, but an infallible sign: overwork. What a madman's existence! Intoxicated day and night by the ocean breezes, stimulated by the breakers and by my own intensity, without rest and almost without sleep, I had reached a state of savage effort which knew no limits. In seeking an antidote in work, beware lest you find in it a poison even worse."

He had been reproaching himself for taking so much as seven hours of sleep; now, he yields to nine hours, admitting the indiscretion of his former course.

After fourteen months of treatment and operations, he was able to raise himself upright, and to begin another stage of his fight—by the help of crutches to move about, to pass to other hospitals, and in new ways to draw, from his disability, passionate praise to God. Drastic treatments had resulted in miraculous improvement; but there were still recurrent periods when he suffered again the martyrdom of his first, terrible days. During this new stage of hospital life, on good days or bad, he encountered other sufferers, variously afflicted. It is characteristic of this humble man that, while for his own murmurings he had only the horsewhip, for the griefs of others, he had boundless compassion.

"One spring night when I was suffering horribly, . . . a woman's sobs reached me from the garden. . . . It began as prolonged exclamations, which ended in bitter cries. After a few minutes of silence the poor soul began again. She seemed to concentrate in one prayer, in this single prayer: 'My

God! My God! My God!' And then suddenly an explosion of brief cries: 'Oh! Oh! Oh!' . . . as if to say, 'No; he dead! he is not dead!' I sat up in bed, half strangled, and I prayed with all my heart for that stricken soul. What were my little miseries in comparison with this measureless distress which submerged even me."

To a man of his calibre, full of devotion and imagination, poetry is almost the natural medium of expression. His ready humour has already been illustrated, and, in the subjoined passage, does not the beauty of his language make itself felt as well as the tenacity of his will? Nervous congestion had returned, causing hammers to beat inside his head and exhausting him with fever. A hospital visitor, of philanthropic intent, approached his bed for cheering talk, but, seeing the extent of his injury, cast eyes skyward, exclaiming: "You poor boy! oh! what a dreadful affliction for one so young!—the best years of your life, too—oh! that dreadful war!" Those tactless and heartless remarks, instead of depressing or irritating d'Arnoux, challenged him, and brought to the level of his consciousness the splendid passage of St. Paul's: "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ—neither death nor life," and so on. Penetrating his whole being with their strength and love, St. Paul's words put to flight the depression induced by the fever, and invigorated him with more than earthly happiness. "Why do I not oftener experience such divine felicity," he asked himself, and he wrote in reply:

"Oh why are these divine ecstasies so rare! Because you allow the sacred fire of enthusiasm to die out: the only centre, however, of light, of sacrifice, and of fervour. Rekindle it immediately. Awaken thy two vestals—Memory and Discipline of Thought. . . . Since this sacred fire can feed only upon the sublime, send thy winged virgins through all the universe. Let them go forth to seek coals of fire, and never to cease fanning them to flame.

"Vestals with folded wings, listen to me: 'I wish to make my life an enchantment, a solemnity. The holy fire which I have entrusted to you must transfigure every hour. I wish to walk in its light and in its burning fragrance. Go over the whole earth, and bring back to me fire-brands to rekindle these ashes.'"

After three years and a half of martyrdom in the hospitals, he was rewarded with a new suffering. His father, Colonel d'Arnoux, commander of a regiment of infantry, came out of the war completely broken in health, and to the paralyzed Jacques, subject at any moment to attacks of strange spinal disorder, fell the task of maintaining that father's courage and of guiding him through the crises of disease and surgery. For three months this agonizing task of love was prolonged, the old man dying slowly before the son's eyes. When a friend commiserated him in this new affliction, and bade the young lieutenant be resigned under the dispensation of providence, the rejoinder was characteristic: "Sufferings are jewels given us by God. . . . To give these diamonds their infinite worth, resignation will not suffice. What! I would be resigned in the possession of diamonds!"

Colonel d'Arnoux's death left Jacques, at the age of twenty-six, the head of

a family of eight younger children. He was still a hospital patient, a cripple, very far from vigour of body, but, in mind and heart, a Spartan of a Christian. In accepting the strange answer given to his prayer for protection against moral ill, he had learned deep wisdom. As head of his family, he had to face an unknown future, to acknowledge that, although he had captured so many trenches, his warfare was not ended. He faced (and faces) that future with courage and with the confidence that, in the end, victory must be his. "Meanwhile," he adds, "*Vive la France! Vive la France! Vive la France!*"

What is to be the fate of d'Arnoux's book? One does not know. The title given it by Henry Bordeaux of the French Academy is *Paroles d'un Revenant*, the word *revenant* meaning, in common parlance, a *ghost*, that is, one who *comes back* from the grave, but, in this particular case, signifying one who is snatched alive from the jaws of death. The success of a book cannot be gauged by the copies sold—if it sink deep into a single heart, that may be sufficient. On the day of his accident, as d'Arnoux lay motionless among the splinters of his air-plane, he dreamed of himself as ending like a torch, and, naturally, interpreted the dream to mean that he should burn to death in the gasoline with which he was saturated. Is not that dream, however, one with a spiritual significance? Like John of the Cross, d'Arnoux is a Living Flame of Love, the only Flame from which is generated life, either for individual or nation. Hidden within the strata of cheap and corrupt politicians who often dominate France, may not other inflammable souls keep "the noiseless tenor of their way"? If they, in turn, worship and guard the holy fire, may they not preserve an altar, to which one day the King Himself can come?

There remains a last passage, to sum up his attitude toward life. At the end of a certain day, when the sharp pangs of appendicitis had added a new torment to his overflowing cup, he made this entry in his journal:

"To-day, I have been very small. I have suffered as stupidly as a pagan. Visitors came to my bedside, and during their conversation my speech and cheerfulness dried up. What is the matter? My cross is heavy. It would be less heavy if you would pray more, and if you would carry it with a holy passion. Pray then, poltroon. Christ, when Thy holy wood harasses and rends me, give me the strength to bestow, even so, the charity of a smile."

To bestow, even so, the charity of a smile! Do not those words contain the very spirit of France? and are they not also the essence of Christianity?

For students of Theosophy, the chief interest of d'Arnoux's book is his intuitive grasp of the fundamentals of discipleship. To him life is a school into which he was born for a single purpose, namely, to learn; and he is intelligent enough to understand that suffering is not something to be evaded and postponed as long as possible though in the end it be inevitable, but that it is instruction through which come growth, strength, and wisdom. He knew beyond all doubt, what many never so much as surmise, that suffering may be the bread compassionately given in answer to prayer that had blindly asked for stones.

The disciple's poverty of spirit is also his, markedly so in his feeling about Time, which he receives as a loan from on high, regarding a wasted minute as an unpardonable sin. "You wasted forty minutes this morning," he writes in his *Journal*, "listening to that entertaining talker as you call him. You should have managed somehow to cut short the conversation, without wounding his feelings. You must not be at the mercy of the unexpected or of circumstances, for they are mere subterfuges with which lazy people would excuse their short-comings. Think how brief your life will be—and how full it should be; twenty years more at the longest. What are twenty years? It is now just ten years since you entered the infantry. Ten years, think of it—double that period, and your life will be over. What account will you give to your Creator?

"I will write down these words [of Cardinal Mercier], and keep them always before my eyes: 'My minutes are numbered! After death, zeal and fervour will not increase, nor can I then enlarge my offering to God. Oh the price of time!'

"Morning, noon, and night, I will sharpen my hatred of idle words, for in the Last Judgment we must account for all such. One after another, persecute all your faults. First wipe out one trench under a cloud of projectiles, and as soon as it is levelled, direct the fire of your batteries upon the next. Do not lose sight of those demolished positions, but make sure that the defenders cannot rise again and that the guns are thoroughly destroyed. Above all, bombard with prayers. All your resolutions should be shot forth like supplications. Hurl them like this: 'My God, make me execrate my wasted minutes.'"

His complete and joyful acceptance of the divine will (the mark of a disciple, but hardly of the average Christian) draws him closer to his Master, Christ. "I desire one thing only, O my God,—your holy will. In it I shall find strength, happiness, victory always. Blessed be thou for these trials, O my Lord; blessed be thou for having armed my weakness with this breast-plate of steel. If to-morrow it could again become my armour, do not deprive me of it when I battle in the shadow of thy cross. I who possess neither heroism, nor sanctity, nor the dignity of priesthood, how could I triumph if thou take from me the power of thy Passion!"

Approaching truth, as he does, by the way of experience, which makes him, though a loyal son of his church, by no means its slave; with an inquiring mind interested in the scientific and metaphysical reasons that underlie phenomena, especially those of a psychological nature—a mind that is entirely free from dogmatic and sectarian controversy, while it grasps intuitively the essentials of discipleship—the future development of this young Frenchman must be of intense interest to all students of Theosophy.

There are crises ahead of him: that is fairly certain. Practising the rites of his Church, he imagines that he is orthodox, but it is much to be doubted whether the wide sale of his book would confirm him in that position.

C. C. Clark.

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I have been asked to select and translate additional passages from the very remarkable book, *Paroles d'un Revenant*, for the reason, I am told, that it is certain to appeal to different minds in different ways, and that perhaps no two people would choose the same sections for quotation:

Good Friday at Verdun . . . The bombardment having ceased for a moment, I advance into the trench. A scorching breath bursts on me and flattens me against the parapet, dazzling me. Blinded, I set out again. . . . I stumble against two feet, and fall on a groaning body. "My poor boy, you are wounded; I didn't see you; have I hurt you?" "That's nothing, Lieutenant," says a panting voice, "it is the fault of the Boches who give us no light." His shoulders were heaving rhythmically like those of the dying. His teeth were chattering with fever. I took his cold, muddy hands in mine, and brought my face close to his. He was smiling. O wonderful French smile!

Squadron F 55, August, 1917.— During the night of the 11th to 12th, I was again in my little room at Ham, before the same open window where two days previously I had heard St. Quentin roaring. The silence in the distance now told of a lull in the battle. This time I was not reading; I was jotting down in my note book these still quivering feelings, and listening to the echo of memory. . . .

. . . Seven bullets against the back of my turret. . . . Seven bullets which should have hit me. . . . Why did I lean over at that moment. . . . On what hang our destinies! . . . On a change of position, on the least gesture. . . . And that position will be changed and that gesture made, because "all is counted, weighed and measured."—["Thou hast ordered all things in measure and number and weight."]

. . . And the fire! How many minutes, how many seconds, separated us from it when Maze shut off his motor. . . . Ah, if my pilot had had that inspiration of safety too late! . . . Too late! . . . Fool that I am. As though time were lacking with the Eternal!

That for which we have no reasons is often very simple. A single glance toward Heaven explains many things. We do not see grace, yet it rains from on high; we do not see the cause, but it is divine.

Hôpital du Val-de-Grace, November, 1917. — As I need to charge myself with this current [the "secousse électrique" which he received on reading Poe's *Ligeia*], I have decided to learn these "incantations" by heart, and to repeat them savagely seven times a day until my complete recovery. To these I shall add this act of submission: "Nevertheless, in spite of my thirst for life. . . . Thy will, my God . . . not mine."

Christmas Night, 1917.—Reflections on my condition, and a resolution.—I have found my "electricity" again and still the doctors do not encourage me:

I shall recover "perhaps," they say, but it will be very slow. What do they know about it? I am resolved at any cost to restore to my paralyzed limbs their ability to move. . . . To repair your cells, do violence to your inanimate legs, contract them, and excite intense vibrations in them. And if some atrophied parts remain dead, I will, nevertheless, make a projection of fluid, a determined infusion of nervous force, bringing a cold, sullen fury into my effort. I will redirect the current from my spinal cord into my limbs.

End of February, 1918.—One very cold morning, Dr. Jalaguier, barely in the room, turned to Mme. Nageotte and exclaimed: "We must get out of here; his room is an ice-box." Yet here am I in bed, with bare neck and in my shirt sleeves, clothed with magnetic radiations, and working in a bath of heat. This simple method stimulates my vitality to the utmost. It lashes my blood, increases combustion, gives me a voracious appetite, makes me sleep quietly. . . . Finally, my nervous strength is growing; I seem each day to discover fresh energy in the depths of my being. . . . Neither inactivity nor suffering shall prevent me henceforth from living my whole life.

15th March.—I have just made the most keenly interesting experiments. My muscular contractions, far from being incompatible with intensive work, excite and enrich it. These sensations have become a reflex action preliminary to the flight of my thought. Philosophers would call it "physiological concentration," "muscular adjustment." But normal adjustment, less intense —that of Rodin's *Penseur*—accompanies the effort of attention and obeys it; here, by taughtening of the will, it precedes it, spurs it on, and sustains it. I gather up all my muscles before starting my mind, like a jaguar leaping on its prey. And as work is merely a series of fierce bounds, this nervous tension, exciting both intellectual and spiritual energy, can but facilitate it. The tension of my muscles stimulates that of my thought, forces it from its inertia, and discharges it. It sharpens my attention and my memory, quickens my perceptions, restores lustre to dulled feelings, and enables me to write, to meditate, and to memorize, more quickly and for longer periods. . . . Another thing that pleases me even more than these happy discoveries; I shall be able to discipline my thought. By hardening my muscles, I have forged for myself as it were an armour of fine mail, and a helmet of brass, which will protect my heart and my head against attack. I can face days darkened by thunder-clouds,—distractions, sadness, temptation, pain, nothing will reach me any more.

Do not be over nice in seeking your prey; time presses. Choose it directly, with precision; and as soon as you have found it, give it its death blow. Better to do well than to await perfection,—what am I saying! If thou hast prayed before acting, this movement of thy wisdom is itself perfection.

22nd January, 1922.—Effort of will pushed to the point of fury.— Here is the first, the indispensable regenerator of the nervous system. It consists in

stemming the tide of our inclinations. It is sacrifice. Sacrifice in my work by stirring up my lassitude, sacrifice in temptation by fighting savagely. It is the only way to use and to remould all my cells, which would become atrophied through lethargy. The greater part of the time we work with but a quarter of our potential force. And this force itself is perhaps a third of what it might become. But why is it that only moral effort can re-create us: it is because a spiritual reaction leaves a sharper impress on our tissues. It electrifies them more violently, and makes them better qualified to receive other currents. Muscular or intellectual effort has the disadvantage of being often automatic and of remaining satisfied with only a portion of our energy, while effort of will raises the ground swell of our being, and demands the fulness of our strength.

The infirmity of this century: it no longer knows how to hate, because it no longer knows how to love. Abhorrence of evil is the reverse side of love.

25th August.—On the plasticity of temperament and character.—When I do not fall asleep exhausted by my fury, remorse preys upon me to the point of disturbing my rest. Behold the pass to which I have come! What a new state of mind for me, if I go back to the old days! . . . The groundwork of my nature was idle dreaming and dread of effort. . . .

And now suffering becomes for me as the red rag to the bull in the arena. In depression, my spirit bristles. . . .

No, everything does not depend upon our hereditary constitution; everything is not the physiological result of our propensities, since I have in a few years completely uprooted my strongest tendencies.

Hospital in Biarritz. Twilight in Summer.—A window open on the ocean, which breaks against the cliffs at my feet. The sun is being engulfed by the sea in the midst of little vaporous clouds: one might call it a great fiery millstone steaming in the waters.

Often, towards three or four o'clock in the afternoon I have seen in the distance a transatlantic steamer leaving for America. I have always followed it with my eyes until it was blotted out in that almost heavenly mirage where the two immensities of sky and sea commingle. . . .

When I am cured, I will go, I will go to America. . . . But once you are in America, you will say: "Oh! how I should like to see Europe again. . . ."

Whence comes this divine nostalgia which hovers over all our dreams and casts this veil about them? Yes, what is this country, so evanescent, so beloved? Adam, Adam, what hast thou done with our first home!

10th October.—In a few days I shall definitely leave the hospitals and I am not cured. Shall I be cured some day? Yes, I shall be cured, I shall be cured when the Son of Man shall appear on the clouds of heaven, and when the angel shall proclaim: "There is no more time."

H. M.

THE MONADOLOGY OF LEIBNIZ

I

GOTTFRIED WILHELM LEIBNIZ (1646–1716 A. D.) is probably mentioned more often in the *Secret Doctrine* than any other modern philosopher. A whole section, "Gods, Monads and Atoms," is largely devoted to favourable criticism of his monadic theory (ed. 1893, I, 669–694). It is even asserted (I, 689–690) that "the essence and spirit of Esoteric Philosophy would be made to appear," if the system of Leibniz were reconciled with the system of his contemporary, Spinoza (1632–1677): for these two philosophers approached from opposite directions the same fundamental truth of the unity of being.

Spinoza, a "subjective pantheist," admitted only one Reality, one Nature, one God; all appearance of separateness or division within the Universe is illusion; individuality is the necessary path to the realization by the soul of its identity with the Divine, and is of interest and value only in so far as it serves this destiny. There is an Eastern note in Spinoza's metaphysics which rests—in part, at least—upon the Neoplatonic tradition preserved by the Moors and Jews of Spain.

In many respects, the vision of Leibniz was less sublime than that of Spinoza. In Spinoza certain intuitive faculties seem to have been active, which remained latent in Leibniz. But Leibniz used such active faculties as he possessed with marvellous results. He may be said to have re-discovered many of the ideas underlying the atomic theories of ancient India and Greece, for he conceived of the world as a host of individual entities, each of which reflects potentially the whole of Reality. Spinoza meditated upon the One which is the source and end of the individual; Leibniz was primarily interested in the mystery of individuality itself, whereby all things manifest the same transcendent Divinity, at the same time that every thing produces this manifestation according to a pattern peculiar to itself. All is one and yet all is diversity; these are two terms of the single mystery of existence. Because Leibniz emphasized the diversity of created things, rather than the oneness of the creative power, Madame Blavatsky called him an "objective pantheist."

The objective viewpoint is as necessary as the subjective to the introspective mystic. He seeks the conversion of his personality into an image of the One Self of all beings, but he cannot attain his end solely by meditation upon his own nature. He must contemplate the world around him, wherein the One appears reflected from an infinity of other embodiments of Itself,—each reflection containing a "divine fragment" capable of revealing

more perfectly than the others some aspect of the Eternal, though that aspect is also manifest in varying degree in everything that is.

The atoms of Leibniz are not isolated, physical particles, each one like every other. They are individuals, *Monads* (cf. the Greek *monas*, a unit), and are in process of evolution or growth in self-consciousness; wherever there is a Monad, there must be a centre of consciousness which is also a centre of force. At a time when Descartes had virtually denied the presence of consciousness in animals, Leibniz bravely asserted that consciousness is present everywhere, even in minerals,—a mineral's consciousness being, of course, immeasurably different from that of the human mind, but bearing an analogy with the condition of a human body in a coma or deep sleep.

Leibniz "maintained that external things were endowed with Force, and that in order to be the bearers of this Force they must have a Substance, for they are not lifeless and inert masses but the centres and bearers of Form—a purely Esoteric claim, since Force was with Leibniz an *active* principle—the division between Mind and Matter disappearing by this conclusion" (*Secret Doctrine*, I, 687). In other words, force is for him the power which by a single act generates and gives form both to the world of thought and to the world of matter. A material image, which seems to exist independently of our thought, is then nothing but a mental image or idea which has become so definite or *forceful* by the repetition of experience that we endow it with an objective shape and imagine it as existing outside ourselves. As we shall see, Leibniz had great difficulty in making his meaning clear. But much of the difficulty vanishes, if we constantly bear in mind that force and consciousness are interchangeable terms in his philosophy. It is a scientific truism that colour and sound are not primary qualities of matter, but represent our conscious reaction to the impingement of vibrations of varying intensity upon our sense-organs. Why should not extension, form, the property of occupying a section of space, be also a subjective phenomenon, a secondary quality of substance? And just as there are vibrations, like those of the ultra-violet rays, to which our physical senses do not vibrate in response, so there may be forms in heaven and earth which are invisible to us, because our consciousness has not yet generated the mind-images which are attuned to them. In other words, our view of Cosmic Nature is a measure of the development of our human nature.

It must not be imagined, however, that Leibniz held the crazy notion that each man's universe is wholly the creation of his present personal consciousness. We are aware of only an infinitesimal fragment of our real being The force which creates in man rises from the fathomless depths of those parts of his self which correspond to the lower kingdoms of animal, vegetable and mineral Monads. And this force descends upon him from the Divine Self, the First Monad, which overshadows him and emanates all things by a constant shining (*Monadology*, 47). Every creature is potentially the container of all the force in the Universe, because the whole of the Universe "contrives to integrate itself" within it. There is only one motive power

in all the Monads, so that their manifestations are blended according to a "predestined harmony." How can it be otherwise, if the Monads are only an apparent multiplication or differentiation of that which is in reality one and indivisible; if they are in essence the Divine Unity regarded from many points of view?

Leibniz was a German, though the name suggests that his family was originally Slavic.[1] His life was full of activities, very few of which have any direct bearing on his philosophical work. Philosophy was always for him a kind of avocation, in which respect there is a singular contrast between his attitude and that of Spinoza, whose whole life was devoted to metaphysical meditation.

To mention only a few of Leibniz's doings, he shared with Sir Isaac Newton the honour of inventing the infinitesimal calculus; he was a diplomat and political theorist, best remembered for his efforts to find a basis for unifying the Catholic and Protestant Churches; he tried to invent a universal symbolical language which might be a medium of intercourse for the savants of all nations; he carried on a gigantic correspondence in which figure such names as Spinoza, Oldenburg, Antoine Arnauld, Bossuet, Pellisson; his literary labour was, indeed, a monument of energy and covered almost every subject from politics and history to theology and mathematics; he even found time to be, for a while, the secretary of a Rosicrucian Society in Nuremberg.

It is natural that so active and externalized a life should often convey an appearance of futility. With all his intellectual power and diversified experience, Leibniz never seems to have found peace of heart. There are some anecdotes, especially as regards his relations with Spinoza, which display much vanity and meanness. It follows that his system must be judged in large part as an intellectual speculation. It does not leave the impression of having been *lived*. Here we find one more contrast between Leibniz and Spinoza. The *Ethics* of Spinoza is primarily an expression of deep moral and religious sentiment; the connection between the vision of the Universe and the practical need of the human soul is always evident. But we search in vain for such a creative ethical spirit in Leibniz; we find only the reiteration of platitudes. As Madame Blavatsky has said, "he was not an Initiate, not even a Mystic, but only a very intuitional philosopher . . . No Psychophysicist ever came nearer than has he to the Esoteric general outline of evolution"; although he "has hardly risen in his speculations above the first planes, the lower principles of the Cosmic Great Body. His theory soars to no loftier heights than those of the *manifested* life, self-consciousness and intelligence" (*Secret Doctrine*, I, 680, 687).

The three most celebrated philosophical works of Leibniz were written in French—the *Théodicée*, *Nouveaux Essais sur l'Entendement Humain*, and *La*

[1] The name is sometimes spelled Leibnitz. He himself seems always to have used the form Leibniz.

Monadologie. The *Monadology* contains the clearest and most explicit exposition of his monadic theory and has the added merit of being brief. It was almost the last work of his long life, being addressed, in 1714, to Prince Eugene of Savoy, who had asked for "a résumé of the principal metaphysical ideas of the *Théodicée* and his other works."

The present translation is not complete.[2] Various references to long extinct controversies and dogmas have been omitted, as well as a few passages which concern Leibniz's theory of logic and have no direct bearing upon the general theme of the *Monadology*. Leibniz's style is marked by so many circumlocutions, that some sentences have been paraphrased rather than literally translated.

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(1) *The Monad of which we shall speak, is a simple substance which enters into the composition of compound substances; by simple, we mean that it is without parts.*

(2) *There must be simple substances, because there are compounds; for a compound is nothing but a mass or aggregate of simple substances.*

(3) *When a substance is without parts, it can have neither extension nor form nor divisibility. The Monads are the true Atoms of Nature, the Elements of things.*

"The Monad or Jiva, *per se*, cannot be called even Spirit: it is a Ray, a Breath of the Absolute, or the ABSOLUTENESS rather" (*Secret Doctrine* I, 267). "As the Spiritual Monad is One, Universal, Boundless and Impartite, whose Rays, nevertheless, form what we, in our ignorance, call the 'Individual Monads' of men, so the Mineral Monad—being at the opposite curve of the circle, is also One, and from it proceed the countless physical atoms, which Science is beginning to regard as individualized" (*op. cit.*, I, 200).

Between the metaphysical Atom or Monad and the physical atom, there is a difference like that between light and its shadow. The physical property of extension, with its modes of form, position and motion, cannot pertain to the Universe as a whole nor to any of the rays or centres of being in which the Universe assumes the aspect of individual consciousness. Thus Leibniz says that "the body with all its qualities is only a phenomenon like the rainbow" (*Correspondance avec Desbosses*, Letter XVIII). If the essence of the Real be Consciousness, the physical world may be described as a product or emanation of Consciousness, a magic mirror wherein the Universe reflects symbolically its ineffable being. "The Monads are the Souls of the Atoms; both are the fabric in which the Chohans [Dhyânis, Gods] clothe themselves, when a form is needed" (*op. cit.* I, 679).

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[2] I have used the edition of Henri Lachelier (tenth edition, Librairie Hachette, Paris, 1921). There is an excellent English translation of *La Monadologie*, the *Discours de metaphysique* and the *Correspondance avec Arnauld*, by Dr. George R. Montgomery (The Open Court Publishing Co., 1902, 1924). S. L.

(4) *The Monad need fear no dissolution, nor is it conceivable that a simple substance can perish through natural means.*

(5) *For the same reason, a simple substance cannot conceivably come into existence through a natural process, since it cannot be formed by any combination of other substances.*

(6) *Thus, one may assert that the Monads can only begin and end their existence by some sudden act; their existence begins only by creation and ends only by annihilation: whereas compound substances begin or end their existence by gradual processes.*

"The Monad of every living being . . . *is an individual Dhyân Chohan' distinct from others, with a kind of spiritual Individuality of its own,* during one special Manvantara. Its Primary, the Spirit (Âtman) is one of course, with the One Universal Spirit (Paramâtmâ), but the Vehicle (Vâhan) it is enshrined in, the Buddhi, is part and parcel of that Dhyân-Chohanic Essence" (*Secret Doctrine* I, 285).

When Leibniz speaks of the Monad as a creature, he is referring to what may be called its substance aspect. Its force aspect is the Universal Self, present as the *élan vital* in all beings. Leibniz has little to say of the force aspect or of its identity with the Creative Power of God. This is one of the points at which his philosophy reveals a theological bias in favour of a personal Deity eternally separate from His creatures. As we shall see, he is not always consistent in his view of the relation between God and the World.

(7) *The Monad cannot be altered or changed in its inner being by any other creature, since it contains no internal parts to be transposed; nor can we conceive of any internal movement within it, which can be produced, directed, increased or diminished: whereas in compounds the parts can change their relative positions. The Monads have no windows through which anything can enter or pass out. . .*

(8) *However, the Monads must have some qualities, for otherwise they would not even be Beings. And if simple substances did not differ as to their qualities, no change in things would be discernible; for whatever is in a compound can come only from its simple components. If the Monads had no qualities, they would be indistinguishable from one another, since they do not differ quantitatively; and in that event, each portion of the plenum of space would receive in the interchange of forces (dans le mouvement) the equivalent of its present properties, and each state of things would be like every other.*

(9) *Indeed, every Monad must differ from the others; for in Nature there are never two beings which are exactly alike and in which there is no difference. . .*

(10) *I assume it to be admitted that all creatures, including the created Monad, are subject to change and that this change is continuous.*

(11) *It follows from what has been said, that the natural changes of the Monad depend upon an internal Principle, since no external cause can influence its inner nature.*

(12) *But besides the principle of change, there must be a differentiating substance which changes (un détail de ce qui change). And this substance may be said to produce the specific qualities and the variety of Monads.*

(13) *This differentiating substance includes a multiplicity within unity or simplicity. Since every natural process is gradual, some of its factors are changing while others remain unchanged. Therefore, within the Monad there must be a number of modifications and relations, although there are no parts.*

If the principle or cause of phenomenal change be the force aspect of the Monad, then its differentiating phase, that which seems to change in it, is the substance aspect. "It may be wrong on strictly metaphysical lines to call Atma-Buddhi a Monad, since in the materialistic view it is dual and therefore compound. But as Matter is Spirit and *vice versa*, and since the Universe and the Deity which informs it are unthinkable apart from each other, so in the case of Atma-Buddhi. The latter being the vehicle of the former, Buddhi stands in the same relation to Atma, as Adam-Kadmon, the Kabalistic Logos, does to Ain Suph, or Mulaprakriti to Parabrahman" (*Secret Doctrine* I, 202).

(14) *The state of change, which synthesizes and represents a multitude of things in unity, or in the Monad, is that which is called Perception. Perception must be distinguished from Apperception or Consciousness, as will appear in the sequel. As regards this question, the Cartesians have been seriously mistaken, for they have regarded as non-existent the perceptions of which we are unconscious. For the same reason, they have believed that only Spirits are Monads and that Animals and other natural things have no souls; they have made the common mistake of confusing a prolonged coma with death; they have shared the scholastic error that the body and the soul are wholly separate; and they have even confirmed unbalanced minds in the opinion that the soul is mortal.*

Leibniz distinguishes perception from apperception and makes the latter synonymous with consciousness. Self-consciousness would seem to be a more proper synonym for apperception, since he explains in the next section that desire (*appétition*) is associated with perception and desire is consciousness, though not necessarily aware of itself. He suggests that there is life even in minerals, and that there is a counterpart of this mineral life in the state of the human body in deep sleep.

Leibniz associates perception with the differentiating phase or substance aspect of the Monad. When the consciousness of the Monad is wholly centred in its substance aspect, the nature or self thus formed is elemental, constantly changing, and incapable of self-control or self-knowledge. It is passive and unaware of the purpose of the higher directive principle of the Monad. It perceives the world as a series of images, but does not understand or interpret or apperceive what it perceives. Much of so-called human nature still seems to rest in such a category.

(15) *The action of the internal principle, which produces the change or passage from one perception to another, may be called desire; it is true that desire cannot always produce the whole of the perception which it seeks, but it always produces some part of the perception and it is the cause of every new perception.*

(16) *We experience within ourselves multiplicity in a Monad, whenever we find that the least thought of which we are conscious implies a variety of ideas or images in the thought. Thus, those who realize that the soul is a simple substance, ought to recognize this multiplicity within the Monad . . .*

(17) *It must be admitted that perception and what depends upon it, cannot be explained mechanically, that is, by form and motion. Let us imagine a machine whose motion would produce thought, sensation and perception; let us further imagine it as increasing its size, but keeping the same proportions, until one could enter it as if it were a mill. But all that one could find there would be the parts of the machinery propelling one another. There would be no explanation of Perception. This explanation must be sought in a simple substance and not in a compound or in a machine. In a simple substance there is nothing to be found except perceptions and their modifications. In these alone consist all the internal activities of simple substances.*

Descartes gave a more rigid and mathematical expression to the idea of Democritus, Epicurus and Lucretius, that the world is a machine in which every motion is determined by all the motions which have preceded it. To this view, especially when it rigorously includes all the motions of thought as well as those of matter, the name of "mechanistic hypothesis" has been given.

The mechanistic hypothesis has been of great value in physics, which is the direct study of material phenomena. And it is hardly disputable, in so far as it merely asserts that every motion of whatever kind in the Universe must be productive of a series of effects. In proclaiming that all action is causal, the mechanistic hypothesis professes the doctrine known in the East as Karma.

Unfortunately the mechanists seem to have misunderstood the relation of our awareness of free-will to the causal nexus in which our life is included. They have generally denied free-will altogether as an impossibility in a world whose phenomena have been so generally proved to be calculable.

Leibniz, who believed in the reality of free-will, made heroic efforts to support his faith with argument. He first suggested that God in the beginning must have chosen the essence of this Universe rather than any other as the model for His creation, because it was "the best of all possible worlds" (Cf. *Théodicée*, 405–417). Thereafter, all that happens in the world is determined, just as it would be if the world were, indeed, a machine. But by virtue of the alignment of the higher principle of the human self with the Divine Will, man can consciously approve—or disapprove—without physical constraint the changes which occur within the substance of his Monad. Man can intelligently accept his destiny; it is preëminently this faculty that separates him from the brutes.

Leibniz's opponents, especially the famous skeptic Bayle, replied that the power to approve or to disapprove what has inevitably happened is not freedom of action, whatever else it may be. In particular, they refused to admit that his explanation took any account of the apparent existence of evil. His answers to this criticism seem often rather inconsistent. In general, he was forced to modify his position to the extent of stating that the Monad is actually dual—as was pointed out above—containing a *passive* or *negative* element, a substance aspect, which is incapable of receiving at once in its full perfection the form impressed upon it by the *positive* or *active* element, the higher principle of the Monad. In creating the world, God makes it possible for the passive element of the Monad to bring to manifestation in time and space the perfection which is proper to it.

However, he did not clearly recognize a fact of experience much emphasized by Spinoza. Because of the opposition of the positive and negative elements in man, human nature has actually two aspects. There is a positive will, and there is a negative will well known to us as habit, and when one of these is held in suspension, the other is active. It is inconceivable that any cause can be ineffective, but it may remain potential for indefinite periods, or the effects which proceed from it may be transferred to a plane above or below the plane where the sequence originated. Free-will is, then, a conscious force which can hasten the conversion of the potential into the active; it is the factor in man which determines whether the higher or the lower nature will be effective at any given moment.

(18) *We may give the name of Entelechies*[3] *to all simple substances or created Monads, for they contain within themselves a certain perfection . . . , a self-sufficiency which makes them the source of their internal activities, so that they are, so to speak, incorporeal Automata.*

(19) *If we wish to designate as Soul everything which has perceptions and desires in the general sense just indicated, every created Monad may be called a Soul. However, since feeling (sentiment) is something more than mere perception, it seems to me that the general name of Monad or Entelechy should suffice for those simple substances which have only perception; whereas the name of Soul should be limited to a simple substance whose perception is more clear and is accompanied by memory.*

(20) *We can experience in ourselves a state when we remember nothing and have no definite perception, as when we faint or are overcome by a deep and dreamless sleep. At such a time the Soul is not ostensibly different from a simple Monad; but as this condition does not endure and the Soul can be revived, the Soul is, in fact, something more than a simple Monad.*

(21) *But it does not follow that a simple Monad has no perception. This is so because of the reasons already given; for a Monad cannot perish nor can it*

[3] Cf. The Greek *entelecheia*, "The absoluteness, actuality, actual being of a thing, opposed to *dunamis* (simple capability or potentiality), a philosophic word formed by Aristotle, who calls the soul the *entelecheia* of the body, *that by which it actually is*, though it had a *dunamis* or *capacity of existing* before." (Liddell and Scott, *Greek-English Lexicon*, p. 487.)

subsist without some affection which is only another name for perception. When there is a multitude of faint perceptions wherein nothing stands out clearly, we are stunned. Thus when a man turns round and round in the same direction, he feels dizzy and may swoon, in which case he can distinguish nothing. And death may induce this condition, for a period, among animals.

In Section 82, Leibniz seems to suggest that metempsychosis and reincarnation are the processes whereby the Monad resumes its contact with the physical universe.

(22) *As every present state of a Monad is a natural consequence of its preceding state, so the present contains the future.*

(23) *Therefore, since on reviving from stupor, we become aware of our perceptions, we must have had perceptions immediately before reviving, although we were not aware of them self-consciously at that time; for a perception can proceed naturally only from another perception, as a motion can proceed naturally only from another motion.*

(24) *Thus, if there were no element clearly outlined and in relief and highly flavoured in our perceptions, we should always be in a state of coma. And this is the state of Monads which are wholly unevolved (nues).*

Modern psychology emphasizes the fact that the images, which are at any time perceived self-consciously or *apperceived*, represent only a very small fragment of the sum-total of a human consciousness. There is a subconscious nature which does most of our thinking and desiring and willing for us. It is a common experience that we are seldom conscious of our real motives at the time of acting, although these motives may be recognized after we have acted. In other words, the apperceptive Soul is still submerged in the animal nature.

* * * * *

(26) *Memory provides the Soul with a sort of consecutive consciousness which imitates reason but should be distinguished from it. We observe that when animals notice something which they have seen before, they tend by the imaginative power of memory to expect a repetition of the experience associated with the former perception, and feelings are awakened in them like those which they had before. For example, if a stick be shown to a dog, he remembers the pain which it has caused him, and whines and runs away.*

(27) *The vivid imagination which stirs and moves him, comes either from the magnitude or the number of his previous perceptions. For often one strong impression produces suddenly the same effect as a long-continued habit or as a series of many repeated, weak perceptions.*

(28) *Men act like animals, in so far as the sequence of their perceptions is determined only by the principle of memory; in this respect they resemble the empirical physicians whose practice is without theory; and we are nothing but*

empiricists in three-quarters of our actions. For example, when we expect that to-morrow will be another day, we are acting empirically, remembering all the days that have dawned in our experience. It is only the astronomer who uses his reason as the basis of such a judgment.

(29) *But the knowledge of necessary and eternal truths distinguishes us from mere brutes and endows us with Reason and the sciences, lifting us to the knowledge of ourselves and of God. This is what is called in us the Rational Soul or the Spirit (Esprit).*

(30) *Also, through the knowledge of necessary truths and through deductions (abstractions) from them, we begin to reflect and thus to think of what is called the Self, and to decide that this or that is within us. Therefore, meditating upon ourselves, we also meditate upon Being, upon Substance, upon Simple and Compound Natures, upon Spirit, upon God Himself, for we then conceive that what is in us, but limited, is likewise in Him, but limitless. These acts of reflection provide the principal objects of our reasoning.*

The last section reveals the intuitive intellect of Leibniz at its best, when it is most free from theological preconceptions. It contains an expression of the unity of the Universe and of the doctrine of correspondences, recalling the Hermetic axiom: "Know thyself and thou wilt know God." The mystery of individuality is one with the mystery that the Universe exists. "The Monad of every living being, unless his moral turpitude breaks the connection . . . *is an individual Dhyân Chohan, distinct from others, with a kind of spiritual Individuality of its own,* during one special Manvantara. Its Primary, the Spirit (Âtman) is one, of course, with the One Universal Spirit (Paramâtmâ). . . . 'My Father, that is in Heaven, and I—are one,' says the Christian Scripture" (*Secret Doctrine*, I, 285–286).

* * * * *

(37) *All differentiation involves other, still more detailed contingencies, each of which has need of a similar analysis in order to find its explanation, and so on indefinitely. Thus, the Sufficient or Ultimate Reason must be outside the series of detailed contingencies, however infinite they may be.*

(38) *Therefore, the Ultimate Reason of things must be found in a necessary Substance, wherein differentiation is present only potentially (éminemment) . . . and this Substance we call God.*

(39) *This Substance is a Sufficient Reason for all the differentiation of things, because all things are inter-related at every point; so that there is but One God. . .*

Geometrical truth is an expression of the relations between forms in an immaterial world where no form can suffer change or corruption. The Pythagoreans and the Platonists regarded it, therefore, as a symbol of the Eternal, and believed that the immortality of the Soul, its kinship with the Eternal, was indicated by the Soul's power of understanding and admiring the laws which prevail in this immaterial world of pure geometry.

The matter-of-fact world of our physical life is material, ever-changing, corruptible. But its forms may be described as reflections of immaterial forms, as if, indeed, the interior principle of every form were a ray of the Eternal. Such is apparently the idea of Leibniz, when he suggests that the cause of a phenomenon is to be found, not in another phenomenon, but in a Divine Substance which is not any one of the phenomena which proceed from it, though all of these derive from it such reality as they have. The qualities of the physical atom are potential in the nature of the Monad and of the Substance which the Monad individualizes.

Similarly, the plant is separate from the seed which it produces, but the form which is latent in the seed is determined by the nature of the parent plant. "Every Form on earth and every . . . atom in Space strives in its efforts towards self-formation to follow the model placed for it in the 'Heavenly Man'" (*Secret Doctrine*, I, 205).

(40) *It may be assumed that this supreme Substance, which is unique, universal and necessary, a simple sequence of all possible being, outside which there can be no independent existence, can have no limits and must contain all possible reality.*

(41) *Therefore, God is absolutely perfect; perfection being the magnitude of positive reality, when this has been freed from limitations. In God, where there are no limits, perfection is absolutely infinite.*

(42) *It follows that creatures derive their relative perfection from the influence of God, whereas their imperfections proceed from their own natures which are incapable of existence without limitations. Thus are they distinguished from God.*

* * * * *

(46) *We must not share the fancy of those who imagine that the eternal truths, which are dependent upon God, are arbitrary and depend upon His will, as Descartes seems to have imagined . . . That is the case only with contingent truths, the principle of which is fitness (convenance) or the choice of the best; for necessary truths depend solely upon His understanding, of which they are the inner objects.*

Leibniz sometimes tends to make the Deity too "personal" in a wrong theological sense. But Section 46 is of interest as showing that he here distinguishes between Absolute Truth or Reality, which is the ineffable Nature of God, and relative truth which is the creation of His will and—one may add—of His imagination. Between the hidden mystery of the Divinity and the "executive force" which creates the world, there is a distinction which no manifested intelligence can define. The *Stanzas of Dzyan* in the *Secret Doctrine* speak of "the Germ that dwelleth in Darkness,"—the Germ which becomes the Logos, the Darkness which is the Absolute or Parabrahm.

It is a favourite speculation of Leibniz that God (the Logos) selects this

particular world for manifestation rather than any other of an infinite number of possible worlds. But among all those possible worlds there can be none whose essence is irrational; for instance, there can be no such thing in any world as a triangle having two sides. In other words, God is free to create what he wills but he cannot will what is contrary to His Nature.

(47) *Thus God alone is the primordial unity or the simple primary substance, of which all created or derivative Monads are productions. The Monads are born, so to speak, by the continual flashes (fulgurations) of the Divinity from moment to moment, these flashes being limited by the receptivity of the creature whose nature it is to be limited.*

This is a statement of the emanation doctrine of the Neoplatonists. Curiously enough it also suggests the "quantum theory" of modern physics, which says that "the energy emitted from a system or absorbed by a system is emitted or absorbed not continuously, but in little bundles, parcels or quanta" (J. Arthur Thomson: *Science and Religion*, p. 90).

In the Kabalah, the Monads were called *Sparks* or *Scintillas* and were said to issue from the Elohim, the "Deity in Cosmic Nature" (*Secret Doctrine*, I, 679).

(48) *There is in God the Power which is the source of all things, the Knowledge which fully comprehends all ideas, and finally the Will which changes and produces the world according to the principle of the greatest good. And to these attributes correspond in the created Monad the subject or base, the perceptive faculty and the faculty of desire. But in God these attributes are absolutely infinite or perfect; whereas in the created Monad or Entelechy . . . , they are only more or less perfect imitations of their Divine Prototypes.*

In the system of Plotinus, we find a similar correspondence between the three manifested principles of the Universe—Wisdom, the World-Soul and Nature; and the three aspects of man—spirit, soul and body. For Plotinus, the cause of this analogy is found in the fact that man is the child of the Universe. Similarly, though Leibniz does not fully develop this idea, the individualized Monad may be conceived as the seed of a Universe and therefore as containing within itself the potentiality of a Universal Life.

(49) *A creature is said to act externally in so far as it has perfection, and to be acted upon by other creatures, in so far as it is imperfect. Thus we attribute action to the Monad in so far as it has clear perceptions, and we attribute passion to it in so far as it has confused or obscured perceptions.*

(50) *And one creature is more perfect than another, according as it contains that which provides the a priori reason for what happens in that other, and it is in this way that one thing may be said to act upon another.*

(51) *But among the Monads themselves there is nothing but the ideal influence of one Monad upon another, which can be effective only through the intervention of God, for . . . each Monad has the right to ask of God that, in ordering the other Monads from the beginning of things, He should have taken it also into consideration. Since no created Monad can exert a physical influence upon the interior nature of another, it is only through this intervention of God that one Monad can be dependent upon another.*

(52) *Therefore, among creatures, action and passivity are reciprocal. God, comparing two Monads, finds in each one reasons (or aspects of being) which force him to adapt the other to it; so that what is active in one relation is passive in another, active in so far as what is clearly known in it provides a reason for what happens in another Monad, and passive in so far as the reason for what happens in it is found in what is clearly known in another Monad.*

(53) *As there is an infinity of possible universes in the mind of God, and only one of these can exist, there must be a sufficient reason for God to choose one rather than another.*

(54) *This reason is to be found only in the fitness (convenance) or in the degrees of perfection to which these worlds attain; each possible World having a right to existence in proportion to its perfection.*

(55) *This is the cause of the existence of the best world,—that God knows the best by His Wisdom and chooses it by His Goodness and creates it by His Power.*

Leibniz here summarizes the argument of the *Théodicée*, that this is the best of all possible worlds, because its Creator is God who is as wise as He is good and as good as He is powerful. His language sounds a little antiquated and scholastic, and he has with some justice been accused of attributing human qualities to God, of making human nature the model of the Universe; but his fundamental idea of the excellence of the order of the world is surely worthy of more than passing notice. The philosophers of ancient India built their systems upon a similar concept which they called Karma—a word which has the derived meaning of "adjustment." Karma is justice in the sense that "what a man soweth, that shall he also reap". But also it is the expression of Divine Compassion which so directs and orders events that these will provide the best possible opportunity for removing the evil causes of which they are the effects. Karma may be described as the *vis medicatrix naturæ* acting on the moral plane.

S. L.

(To be continued)

EVEN WE REUBENS HAVE OUR CHANCE

WAY back in the earliest '80s, when the Victorian Age was in its prime—provided the "New Generation" will graciously concede that era ever had a "prime"—a boy of seven sat in a church pew in what was then a frontier town. In accordance with parental training, backed, it must be confessed, by unflinching discipline (now gloried in as an expression of loving-wisdom), and, for some then unknown, and, certainly, not then beloved, reason, attendance at church called for silence, both oral and physical, reverential manner and manners, and the unrelaxed attitude of "On Parade." Inside himself, however, the boy had then no concept of silence. His brain was talking, that Sunday, on the immediate, and then mysterious, problem of why his father had let him add to his collection an Arapahoe brave's scalp, and two others from the heads of Pawnee scouts, yet had, himself, burned, with unshed tears visible in his eyes, and a grave solemnity of manner, a "wonderful" scalp, with fully six feet of long golden hair, the "splendid" gift of one of the enlisted men.

The church was quiet. The family pew was in the Epistle transept. How wise a choice this was! One could see many faces and lots of "side-heads," without the disobedience of looking back, or looking 'round. The Rector, then much more imposing than he looked as a Bishop in later years to the grown-up boy, sometimes had a soothing voice. Then it sounded as the organ sometimes sounded. Then it did not force a small boy to turn from his world within. For some reason the Rector was kinder than most parents. He did not compel his children "to report," after Sunday School, in the family pew. The Rector's boys were called "the good Jones boy" or "the bad Jones boy." The latter (a Bishop himself ere his father died) was again guaranteeing himself a sound spanking. Once more he was racing his velocipede up and down the sidewalk outside. What a marvellous sidewalk bordered the church plot! It was made of cross boards on sills—'way, 'way above the ground. It could be used for caves or wild beasts' dens. Also it was resonant, as the thunder-like rattle and roar now proved.

As always, when his "bad boy" reacted from Sunday school with such energy, the Rector's voice rose somewhat. As it rose, it hit, instead of soothing, the ear. The attention of the boy in the pew was enforced. Dreamily he had known that this was "The First Lesson." Half consciously he had been awaiting the first of the loud "bangs" that marked the close of the Lessons. His attention was fully awakened when he realized that the Lesson again told the story of how Jacob called his sons such wonderful names when

he was dying. Since then the grown-up boy realizes how little time counted, in those prototype days, for this was the very beginning of the Lesson, though it then seemed well along. The Rector let his voice ring out:

"Reuben, thou art my firstborn, my might, and the beginning of my strength, the excellency of my dignity, and the excellency of power;

"Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel. . . ."

He recalled how he felt when he tried to coast down a hill—and a steep, steep hill—on his velocipede. The first sensation was exhilarating. Then, there had fairly leaped into the air a tree trunk—huge, bewrinkled with bark—rushing upwards into the high heavens. Then—with the loudest noise in the world; with fireworks too many to be counted—came oblivion. Next—awakening, with a never-to-be-forgotten memory.

The same thing happened that Sunday so long, long ago. The boy had always ignored the word "firstborn." He was the third child. He knew, of course, that he was really the one to whom the half-understood praise belonged. Previously, it was his wont to hand over, mentally, the condemnations to his older brother, along with the "firstborn," and to keep the remaining pleasant parts for himself. Now he heard only the—"Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel." How that echoed; re-echoed; fairly rang aloud, like the chiming bells above the church. How it did hurt! And the real horror, not at all like the delightful horror one got in "the haunted house" on the Bluffs, but such a cold, grisly, hideous, hurting horror was, that the small boy recognized these words to be true of himself.

To many of us, Members of the T. S., life includes these three stages—childhood, non-membership, membership—before one really begins to study and to live. Anyone would hesitate to enter into competition with St. Augustine, Cellini, Franklin, or even Henry Adams, and it would savour too much of their work to try to describe the years of that boy beyond childhood. Suffice it to say that the dooming words: "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel"—identified with himself at seven—played no small part in that small boy's life that Sunday, and onward, to this very day.

Oft-times they were a spur, to child, to adolescent, and to man; "That's tommyrot! I'll prove it's not true of *me!*" Oft-times they were veritable "alibis" for letting go: "What's the use! Those words are true of *me.*" Ten years, twenty years, thirty years, rolled along, inescapably characteristic of: ". . . the wheel of life turns ceaselessly. Burne-Jones has shown it, in his marvellous picture; the wheel turns. . . ." As tangential force hurls off the marble which a small boy drops on a pulley on a shaft, so, unmerited by him, did the wheel of life shoot that same small boy, now a man in body, into the T. S. But this memory, from frontier days, did not die—rather grew it the more dynamic; therefore, the more rigorous the efforts to ignore it.

Two heptads and two years more moved by. Came Convention time, 1926—with its majestic note of the immutability of Law, and the reverent recognition of Law, even—no! especially, by Masters. With the need, then presented, of making irrevocable choice, there was implanted, "by grace and by love," not by merit, the germ of an understanding that irrevocable choice is, indeed, within one's own powers and ability. Time it takes for the brain to realize this, and to act accordingly. Has not a Master urged that we be not slaves to Time—nor Space?

The boy, man, then boy again—for such seems to be the required cycle of growth in the three first stages described—recently was with some T. S. Members at a committee meeting. He was trying to think of things as they saw them. Out of this effort, somehow, sprang a feeling; a hope; faith even; that no Reuben should be a "quitter" because of belief in a Jacob's verdict—especially if he were the Jacob. It is the old case of "look ye out, or, look ye in?"

We have all been taught that we may take hold of the universe at any point—big or little—within it. So doing here, what may one find, perhaps, "within the words" that proved so potent? Let us not be hampered, as many of us have been within dogmatic religions, by "Western-minded literalness." Using "Eastern methods," so far as we may, what might the words suggest? Suppose we read them thus: "So long as you remain (voluntarily, by your own acts) in the state of water, inevitably you cannot rise above the level to which your sins have sunk you; despite your heirship of the Kingdom, your kinship with the Soul, you must sink lower and lower."

But, the brain comments, water must be unstable. Why must it so be? Recollections from our school-day physics remind us that water is incompressible. Closed in by outer pressure it, therefore, cannot be unstable, though it still is water. How has life closed in upon us, and why? But—is there not an easier way of making water stable? What about freezing it—making it into ice? It is no longer water, no longer unstable.

What about freezing our emotions, fancies, frailties, even our sins, into "stability"? How? For what purpose are our wills? A "frozen will" is a common colloquialism. Is it not true that when we separate any amount of water from a great reservoir, we must provide some kind of receptacle or vessel to hold it, and that, therein, it freezes the quicker? An ice machine that will freeze a pint of water in a few minutes, will have no recognizable effect on a reservoir. It will take the full power of Nature to stabilize that. Furthermore, as water freezes into stability, that stabilized state rests in the form in which the water was moulded when the freezing started.

What can we Reubens do? Surely we can separate ourselves from the unstable state of our habitual psychic incoherence, and then make a mould out of theosophical teachings. Next, give ourselves up to the clean cold of the pure air of the Altitudes; let ourselves be "frozen" by our own "irrevocable will" (drawn from, part of, the Life of the Altitudes), into the form provided by "my duty in that state of life to which it shall please God to call me"; and, as a result, "excel,"—because having become "stable."

Again, taking hold upon the universal at any point, it is well worth remembering that the proverb, "While there is life, there is hope", is more than "hackneyed"—it is truth. But we need also to recall that the existence of "life" is proved by action. If we Reubens would seize upon our chance, let us "do something about it." We cannot plead ignorance: "Ignorance of the Law is no defence"—that Law which even Masters reverence, and follow.

Only as we act thus, only as we make the Law our very own, so becoming "irrevocable" governors of ourselves, can any of us Reubens earn—as earn we may, do we but choose—the right to have the appraisal rest only:—

". . . thou art my firstborn, my might, and the beginning of my strength, the excellency of my dignity, and the excellency of power."

REUBEN O. QUORRANT.

It is submission to the will of God which sets all the value upon our sacrifices; which gives merit to our sufferings; which sanctifies our joys; which takes the bitterness out of our affliction, and the poison out of our prosperity; which stabilizes our irresoluteness; which calms our fears; which upholds our courage; which orders our hopes; which puts our zeal in safe keeping; which, in a word, insures all our virtues, and makes even our imperfections useful. This it is which inspires good counsel; which is answerable for the success of our undertakings; which makes us masters of circumstances; which sanctifies every condition of life, and which determines every duty.—MASSILLON.

BRIHAD ARANYAKA UPANISHAD

PART I, SECTIONS 1–3

BUILDING THE COSMOS

LIKE the *Chhandogya Upanishad*, the *Brihad Aranyaka Upanishad* consists of a series of Instructions for Disciples. The former begins with illustrations of the law of correspondences, first simple and then more complex, so that the learner may gradually gain an understanding, first, of the unity of all Life in the universe, and, second, of the principles of symmetry and cohesion, in virtue of which each element of life is related to all other elements, and the whole universe is represented in all its parts. Contemporary science is advancing toward an understanding of this vital and fundamental law; it has already recognized the unity of design between the solar system and the atom, and accounts of the universe insist that all energies in our world, and all energies in man, are derived from the great life-giving forces in the sun, which in turn conforms to the principles of structure present in all suns throughout the vast stellar system; and it is now held that stellar systems are innumerable.

The *Brihad Aranyaka Upanishad* begins with the formation of stellar systems, a description of the forces which underlie the manifestation of the Cosmos as a whole. Part I contains six Sections, of which three are here translated. Each of these Sections teaches and illustrates a fundamental aspect of the Cosmos. The first Section seeks to impress on the pupil that the Cosmos is a living organism, with related parts, permeated through and through with Life, and equally permeated with the principle of sacrifice. For this purpose, the symbol of the Horse consecrated for sacrifice is used. The second Section describes the emanation of the Cosmos after the period of non-manifestation which is called Cosmic Night, the manifestation of the Logos, the appearance of the first duality in the Logos, and thereafter the progressive manifestation of the planes and principles of the worlds. The third Section describes two contending principles, or classes of being, present everywhere throughout the universe: the forces of manifestation and of dissolution, here called Devas and Asuras; and the pupil is shown how they interpenetrate all life, and in particular, his own life.

Coming back to the first Section, the Horse consecrated for sacrifice is taken as the symbol of the Cosmos, in order to show that the Cosmos lives, and that the Cosmos is permeated by sacrifice. The ceremony of the sacred Horse is exceedingly ancient. The sacrifice was not universal; it could indeed be offered only by the monarch, the supreme ruler. And it was a ceremony of symbolic consecration, in which in fact no animal was slain, though many

animals, birds, beasts, fishes, had a part; it seems to have been a symbolical consecration of every form of life, a dramatic affirmation that the principle of consecration runs through all life and all being. The choice of the Horse, at once the symbol of royalty and of organic perfection and beauty, and therefore the central figure of the ceremony, as the symbol illustrating the life and consecration of the Cosmos, is thus appropriate and natural.

Each symbol has many meanings, which gradually revealed themselves to the awakening intuition of the disciple. Thus Dawn is the beginning of day, of all "days," from the Day of Brahma, the day of each cyclic period, to the day which is the common unit of our time. The Sun, Wind and Fire are symbols of the three great principles which are manifested in the Three Worlds: Heaven, Midworld, Earth, everywhere throughout the Cosmos; the three being further subdivided into seven. The fire common to all men is the vital principle or energy manifested in physical life, which is in fact common to all men, and to which, as man develops, the fire of the soul, corresponding to the Midworld, and the fire of the spirit, corresponding to Heaven, are in due time to be added.

The circling year is the type of all cycles, beginning with the alternating Day and Night of Brahma; the cycles in and through which every form and degree of life is progressively manifested; therefore, the circling year is fittingly called the self (the body) of the Horse which represents the living Cosmos. Our first natural division of time is the hour, the time in which the moon moves back against the background of the stars through a distance equal to her own breadth, a space of half a degree; therefore in twenty-four hours the moon moves backward twelve degrees, completing the circle of three hundred and sixty degrees in thirty days, the lunar month, made up of the waxing fortnight, from new moon to full moon, and of the waning fortnight, from full moon to new moon; the two fortnights thus symbolizing the complete circle of the descent into matter and the reascent to spirit. In the same way, the series of about twelve lunar months completes the solar year with its changing seasons, and the years accumulate in larger cycles. Thus the whole operation and succession of cycles are gradually instilled into the understanding of the pupil.

In like manner, by the identification of parts of our world with the vital organs of the Horse consecrated for sacrifice, the pupil is led to perceive that our world is an organism, with its own vital organs; clouds, rivers, mountains, trees are shown as permeated with life.

Finally, the Horse, as symbol of the formative Logos, is shown as carrying or sustaining four great classes of formative beings: Devas, Gandharvas, Asuras, men: or, as we might call them, classes of Planetary Spirits, of cosmic elementals, whether constructive or destructive, and human beings. The significance of the name, Celestial Choristers, is, that these beings are one aspect of the Logos, and, through the powers of sound, "create" the Voice. And the Section ends with the affirmation, concerning the formative Logos, that "in the Great Deep is the place of his birth."

The second Section takes the disciple back to a consideration of the period before the beginning of manifestation, the period of universal Darkness, or Cosmic Night. And he is led to perceive a universal principle of Being: that all that is manifested must in time pass into unmanifestation, as night follows day. More than that, this principle is active throughout the whole period of manifestation; a new form can come into being only through the transformation of the old form, its disappearance, its death, as that form. This may be illustrated from geology: new strata are being continuously formed through the breaking down and abrasion of older strata. And, through the geological periods, new organisms, new forms of life, come into being through the transformation and supersession of the old. In the same way, Philo and Paul describe spiritual life as a "continual dying," a death to the old accompanying a birth to the new. Therefore, this universal principle or tendency, without which there could be no life and growth, is fittingly named Death; just as, in another Upanishad, the Lord of Death is the Initiator, since Initiation is at the same time a death to the old and a birth to the new life. "Death is Hunger" says the Commentator, since all death is a consuming, the action of a force of disintegration preparing the way for new forces of re-integration.

So these symbols, Death and Hunger, represent at once the darkness of Cosmic Night before the dawn of manifestation, and that hunger for new being which causes manifestation, and then sustains manifestation through the continual transformation of the older into the newer form. In the formative Logos, moved by this everlasting impulse, was formed the thought: "May I become possessed of a self, a body! May I become manifested!" He advanced, singing praises. From him, singing praises, the Waters of space were born. Here again, we have the thought of the vibrations of sound, the tones of the Voice, as formative powers. And, it may be added, the manifestation of the same power in man lies at the root of all that is said later, regarding the efficacy of the great Chant.

Cognate with the formative power manifested through Voice is the formative power manifested through Light. Here, astronomy may lend us an illustration. Much is now known, or surmised, concerning the differing characters of the stars, and the presence in them of various metals and elements. Each one of these metals or elements makes itself known, not as a tangible substance, but as a certain rhythm of light, of colours arranged in a definite way. The differing colours, which express different arrangements of electrons, are an essential manifestation of these elements; one might almost speak of the colours condensing to form the metals. So that "radiance" is a fitting description of this formative power.

The Waters of space were the radiance; the foam of the Waters curdled; that became Earth, the symbol of manifested matter. On this Earth, throughout matter thus manifested, the formative Power made a mighty effort; the fervour and essence of Him, thus effortful, fervid, became Fire, the electrical or vital energy which permeates all matter. One aspect of it is, perhaps, the

driving force within the atom, which keeps the electrons spinning around the nucleus; the same force which keeps the planets spinning around the sun, and the sun spinning for ever through space; a universal force active everywhere through the universe, and therefore rightly to be traced back to the formative Logos.

The third Section considers more in detail this dual power which is present everywhere throughout Being, as a fundamental expression of the very nature of Being; the tendency, in virtue of which eternity is measured by alternating Days and Nights of Brahma,—Light and Darkness succeeding each other.

The Powers of Light are here called Devas, a name which means any "radiant" force, any force which runs outward with a rhythm of vibration, any formative or creative force. So the Powers of Darkness are the complementary forces, not of creation, but of dissolution; forces which disintegrate, so that a new re-integration may take place. The disciple must learn to use this force, to bring about the disintegration of his lower nature, in order that the higher nature may be integrated in him. If he fail rightly to use this consuming power, it will consume him. If he attach himself to the body subject to death, identifying himself with it, and believing it to be himself, the tendency to dissolution will consume both the body and the imagined self. He must rule the Asuras, or be eaten by them. And he can rule them only through the powers of the Logos, which he will find, when he has learned to recognize them, permeating his whole being. Therefore, his life will become a continual dying, but a dying which is Life. He must put off the old man, in order that he may put on the new.

The powers of the Logos, the Voice, are symbolized, as has already been said, by the dynamic forces held to be inherent in the great Chant, a potent magical song which played an important part in the formal system of sacrifices and offerings. The Buddha later formulated them, for his disciples, as Right Meditation, Right Thought, Right Speech, Right Action, Right Livelihood. These are the powers by which the disciple may raise his life to the Higher Self. On the other hand, Wrong Thought, Wrong Speech, Wrong Action will drag him down to the lower self, inevitably subject to dissolution. The Buddha, therefore, recognized in each of these powers their right or wrong use, good and evil.

This would seem to be the meaning of the Parable of the Devas and Asuras. As the Devas bring each power into manifestation, the Asuras pierce it with evil. So the progression ascends, up to and including Mind; there is, on the one hand, whatever of beauty one imagines and wills, and, on the other, whatever one imagines and wills that is unseemly. Then comes a change. The principal Life-breath is manifested; the Asuras run against it to attack it; as a clod striking a stone, they are shattered in all directions, and are destroyed. The principal Life-breath, the crown of Life, is the Higher Self, the eternal Monad, which endures through all eternity, because it is, in essential being, one with the Eternal. Therefore, he who is faithful unto death inherits this crown of Life.

"Through the Higher Self he who thus knows, prevails over the hated enemy." This sentence, in many forms, promising many blessings, runs through the Upanishad like a golden thread. The disciple is to understand that his learning should mean, not only the gaining of information, but increase of spiritual life, spiritual consciousness and power continually enriched, approaching ever nearer to the plenitude of the Higher Self.

The old life must be dissolved in order that the new life may be integrated. This integration of a truer, more real Self, is beautifully symbolized in the later part of the parable: "That divinity, striking off evil, death, from these divinities, carried them beyond death." As the powers are carried over and transmuted, they build up "the new man, the lord from heaven."

That this is the meaning, is shown by the three sentences:

Cause me to go from the Unreal to the Real!

Cause me to go from Darkness to Light!

Cause me to go from Death to the Immortal!

Three Parables of the Cosmos

I

Dawn is the head of the Horse consecrated for sacrifice; the sun is the eye; the wind is the life-breath; the open mouth is the fire common to all men; the circling year is the self, the body, of the Horse consecrated for sacrifice; the over-arching heaven is the back; the midworld is the interior; the earth is the underparts; the directions of space are the two sides; the intermediate directions are the ribs; the seasons are the limbs; the months and the lunar fortnights are the joints; the days and nights are the foothold, the feet; the stellar mansions are the bones; the clouds are the muscles; the half-digested food is the sand; the rivers are the entrails; the liver and lungs are the mountains; plants and trees, lords of the forest, are the hair and mane; the ascending sun is the foreparts; the descending sun is the hindparts; when he yawns, that is the lightning; when he shakes himself, that is thunder; when water descends, that is rain; his voice, verily, is the Voice.

Day was born as the sacrificial vessel before the Horse; the place from which it is born is in the eastern ocean; night was born as the sacrificial vessel behind; the place from which it is born is in the western ocean; these two, verily, came into being about the Horse as the two sacrificial vessels. As a charger he carried the Devas, the Bright Powers; as a steed he carried the Gandharvas, the Celestial Choristers; as a courser he carried the Asuras, the Dark Powers; as a horse he carried men. The Great Deep, verily, is his kin; in the Great Deep is the place of his birth.

II

Naught, verily, was here in the beginning; by Death was this enveloped; by Hunger, for Hunger is Death. He made the thought: "May I become

possessed of a self, a body!" He advanced, singing praises. From him, singing praises, the Waters of space were born.

"For me, singing praises, radiant joy came into being," said He. This, verily, is the radiant being of radiance; radiant joy comes into being for him who thus knows this radiant being of radiance.

The Waters of space, verily, were the radiance; that which was the foam of the Waters curdled and coagulated; that became Earth. On that He made a mighty effort; the fervour and essence of Him, thus effortful, fervid, was manifested as Fire.

This Fire separated itself threefold: the Sun is a third part; the Air of the midspace is a third part; Fire here is a third part. Therefore this Life-breath is disposed threefold. The eastern direction is the head; on this and that side of it are the forequarters. The western direction is the tail; on this and that side of it are the hindquarters. South and north are the flanks. The over-arching heaven is the back. The midworld is the interior. This forms the underparts. So He is firmly established in the Waters of space. Knowing thus, he is firmly established, whithersoever he goes.

He desired, saying: "Would that a second self of me might be born!" Through thought He united himself with Voice, He who is Hunger, He who is Death. That which was the seed of being became the circling year. Before that, the circling year was not. He bore him for a period of time equal to the circling year. At the end of a period equal to the circling year, He brought him into manifestation. He approached him, thus born, with open mouth; as if in fear, he uttered a cry; this became Voice.

He beholding said: "If I shall design anything against him, I shall make the world-food less!" Through that Voice, through that self, He brought into manifestation all this, whatsoever exists here, as the Rig verses, the Yajur formulas, the Sama chants, the hymns, sacrifices, living beings, animals. Whatsoever He brought into manifestation, all that He began to consume. He is the eater of all; this is the consuming power of the boundless Being. He becomes the eater of all this, all becomes food for him, who thus knows the consuming power of boundless Being.

He desired, saying: "With a further sacrifice let me sacrifice further!" He made a mighty effort, He brooded with fervour; from Him, thus effortful, fervid, brilliance, valour went forth. The life-breaths, verily, are brilliance, valour; as the life-breaths went forth, the body began to expand. His body, verily, was Mind.

He desired, saying: "May this body of mine be consecrated for sacrifice! May I become possessed of a self through this!" Thereupon the Horse came into being, because this expanded. This was consecrated for sacrifice. This is the sacrificial character of the Horse consecrated for sacrifice. He truly understands the sacrifice of the Horse, who knows it thus. He held him in thought, not confining him. At the end of the year, he took him for sacrifice. The animals he delivered to the Bright Powers. Therefore the sacrifice to the Lord of beings is offered to all the Bright Powers. He who is

fervent is as the sacrifice of the Horse; the circling year is his self, his body. This fire is the radiance, these worlds are its selves, its bodies. There are these two, this radiance and the sacrifice of the Horse, yet they are one Divinity, Death. He overcomes the second death, nor does Death gain him; Death becomes his body, he becomes one of these divinities, who thus knows.

III

These two were derived from the Lord of Beings: the Devas, Bright Powers, and the Asuras, Dark Powers. Of them, the Devas were younger, the Asuras were elder. In these worlds they strove against each other.

The Devas said: "Come, let us prevail against the Asuras in the sacrifice through the great Chant!" They said to Voice: "Do thou sing for us the great Chant!" "So be it!" said Voice. Voice sang for them the great Chant. Whatever delight there is in voice, that it sang for the Devas; whatever of beauty one speaks, that is for self. The others knew, "By this singer they will prevail against us!" Running to attack it, they pierced it with evil. This evil is whatever one speaks that is unseemly; this is the evil.

So they said to the forward Breath: "Do thou sing for us the great Chant!" "So be it!" said the forward Breath. The forward Breath sang for them the great Chant. Whatever delight there is in the forward Breath, that it sang for the Devas; whatever of beauty one breathes, that is for self. The others knew, "By this singer they will prevail against us!" Running to attack it, they pierced it with evil. This evil is whatever one breathes that is unseemly; this is the evil.

So they said to Vision: "Do thou sing for us the great Chant!" "So be it!" said Vision. Vision sang for them the great Chant. Whatever delight there is in vision, that it sang for the Devas; whatever of beauty one sees, that is for self. The others knew, "By this singer they will prevail against us!" Running to attack it, they pierced it with evil. This evil is whatever one sees that is unseemly; this is the evil.

So they said to Hearing: "Do thou sing for us the great Chant!" "So be it!" said Hearing. Hearing sang for them the great Chant. Whatever delight there is in hearing, that it sang for the Devas; whatever of beauty one hears, that is for self. The others knew, "By this singer they will prevail against us!" Running to attack it, they pierced it with evil. This evil is whatever one hears that is unseemly; this is the evil.

So they said to Mind: "Do thou sing for us the great Chant!" "So be it!" said Mind. Mind sang for them the great Chant. Whatever delight there is in mind, that it sang for the Devas; whatever of beauty one imagines and wills, that is for self. The others knew, "By this singer they will prevail against us!" Running to attack it, they pierced it with evil. This evil is whatever one imagines and wills that is unseemly; this is the evil

So they said to the principal Life-breath: "Do thou sing for us the great Chant!" "So be it!" said the principal Life-breath. This Life-breath sang

for them the great Chant. The others knew, "By this singer they will prevail against us!" Running to attack it, they strove to pierce it with evil. Then, as a clod striking a stone would be shattered, they were shattered in all directions, and were destroyed. Therefore the Devas prevailed over the Asuras. Through the Self he who thus knows, prevails over the hated enemy.

Then they said: "In what was he who thus adhered to us? It is he who is in the inner being, he who is called Ayasya Angirasa, that is, the essence of the powers."

So that divinity is named Far, for far from it is Death; far from him is death, who thus knows. So that divinity, striking off evil, death, from these divinities, caused evil to go thither, where is the end of the spaces. There it set down their evils. Therefore, let him not go to the abode, to the end. Let me not meet with evil, with death.

So that divinity, striking off evil, death, from these divinities, carried them beyond death It carried Voice over first. When it was delivered from death, it became Fire. This Fire, transcending death, shines. It carried over the forward Breath. When it was delivered from death, it became Wind. This Wind, transcending death, purifies. It carried Vision across. When it was delivered from death, it became Sun. This Sun, transcending death, enkindles. It carried Hearing across. When it was delivered from death, it became the Spaces. These Spaces transcend death. It carried Mind across. When it was delivered from death, it became Moon. This Moon, transcending death, gives light. Thus, verily, that divinity carries him beyond death, who thus knows.

So the principal Life-breath sang for itself food. Whatever food is eaten, by this is it eaten; here he is established. The Devas said: "So great is all this, as food; this for thyself thou hast sung. Do thou make us to be partakers in this food!" "Do ye then enter altogether into me!" "So be it!" They entered him completely from all sides. Therefore, whatever food one eats through this, by it all these are satisfied.

Thus, verily, his own all enter into him, he becomes a supporter of his own, best, foremost leader, overlord, who thus knows. He who, among his own, seeks to withstand him who thus knows, such a one does not suffice for those whom he should support; but he who follows him, and, following him, seeks to support those whom he should support, such a one suffices for those whom he should support.

So this, called Ayasya Angirasa, is the essence of the powers; the Life-breath is the essence of the powers. Since the Life-breath is the essence of the powers, from whichever of the powers the Life-breath departs, that, verily, dries up, for this is the essence of the powers. This is also Brihaspati; for Voice is Brihati, and this is her lord; therefore, he is Brihaspati. This is also Brahmanaspati; for Voice is Brahma, the spirit of the Eternal, and this is her lord; therefore, he is Brahmanaspati.

This is also the Sama chant, for Voice, verily, is the Sama. This is Sa and Ama, She and He; this is the Sama character of the Sama. Or it is because it

is equal to a midge, equal to a fly, equal to an elephant, equal to these three worlds, equal to all that is, therefore, it is the Sama. He attains unity of being, unity of place, with the Sama, who knows this Sama thus. It is also the great Chant. The Life-breath is great, for by the Life-breath all this is upheld. And Voice, verily, is the Chant; thus these make up the great Chant.

Therefore, Brahmadatta, grandson of Chikitana, when he was making the offering of King Soma, said: "May King Soma cause this man's head to fall off, if Ayasya Angirasa sang the great Chant by any other means; by Voice, verily, and by the Life-breath he sang it!"

He who knows the essence of this Sama chant, possesses that essence. The tone is the essence. Therefore, let him who is about to offer the sacrifice, seek for the tone in Voice; with that Voice endowed with tone let him offer the sacrifice. Therefore, at the sacrifice, they wish to see one possessing the tone, one who possesses the essence. He possesses the essence, who thus knows the essence of the Sama chant.

He who knows the golden quality of this Sama chant, possesses gold, for the tone is the golden quality; he possesses gold, who thus knows the golden quality of the Sama chant.

He who knows the foothold of this Sama chant, he, verily, stands firm. Voice, verily, is the foothold, for in Voice this Life-breath is established. But some say it is set firm in food.

Then the offering of the invocations which purify. The celebrant sings the Sama chant; when he sings, let him (for whom the sacrifice is offered) murmur these sentences:

Cause me to go from the Unreal to the Real!

Cause me to go from Darkness to Light!

Cause me to go from Death to the Immortal!

When he says, "Cause me to go from the Unreal to the Real," Death, verily, is the Unreal, the Real is the Immortal. "Cause me to go from Death to the Immortal! Make me immortal!" This he says. "Cause me to go from Darkness to Light!" Death is Darkness, the Light is the Immortal. "Cause me to go from Death to the Immortal! Make me immortal!" This he says. "Cause me to go from Death to the Immortal!" There is no obscurity in this. So whatever other praises there are, in these he may win food for the self. In them let him choose a wish, whatever desire he may desire. The celebrant who knows thus, whatever desire he may desire, whether for himself or for him who offers the sacrifice, that he wins. This is world-winning. Nor is there any prospect that he will not win that world, who thus knows this Sama chant.

C. J.

(*To be continued*)

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE Recorder looks forward to the conversations upon which the "Screen" is based, with considerable anxiety: will the necessary material be supplied by his friends, or not? Sometimes he finds them full to overflowing with ideas, and, at other times, flat, stale, and infinitely exasperating. He had armed himself, on the present occasion, with an extract from a religious "block calendar"—a French calendar—determined to use it as a goad in the event that his collaborators should prove lethargic. *Pour être content des meilleures personnes*, it read, *il faut se contenter de peu, et souffrir beaucoup;* or, freely translated, "To remain content even with the best of people, you must learn to be satisfied with little and to suffer a great deal." The wearied experience of the long-suffering, pious writer—whoever it was, for "X" was the only signature—had greatly amused him, and now, because his friends gave him no opportunity to use it against them, he has taken some pains to introduce it in spite of them. They will read it, and they will perhaps keep it in mind on future occasions.

It was the Philosopher who spoiled the plot. As soon as we met he said: "It has occurred to me that brief comments, by an average student of Theosophy, on events of the day, might be of interest to those who are good enough to concern themselves about our reaction to the problems of life, death, and things in general. So I have made some notes. Do you want me to think aloud about them?" The Recorder was grateful and delighted, and said so. Here was the promise of possible material! "As small events may be just as significant as wars and earthquakes, I shall not apologize for the comparatively trivial character of my texts," the Philosopher continued. "For instance, in to-day's paper, is a despatch from London announcing that a niece of Lord ——— had been added 'to the long list of English people and other foreigners who had come into collision with Fascist sentiment in Italy by speaking against Mussolini.' The despatch adds that 'no official notice is being taken of the incident here [in London], but there is undoubtedly a good deal of private resentment in England, as in France, against recent offensive expressions of nationalistic spirit in Italy, of which foreign visitors have been the victims.' It is allowable, in other words, to abuse the head of the Government of the country whose guest you are, but it is 'offensive' of the natives to resent it. One or two American newspaper correspondents have recently been expelled from Rumania for having slandered the Rumanian royal family. There was talk in some American papers about 'the freedom of the press,' and about the 'rights' of American citizens. I wish people would think as much of their duties as they do of their rights, and I wish particularly that when they travel abroad they would try to behave as if they were gentle people, or at least as if they were civilized, and would not insult the peoples

and the nations they visit. They are visitors,—that is the point. They leave their own country of their own free will and accord, presumably because they prefer the climate, scenery, or what not, of some other country, which they enter solely through the favour of its rightful owners. On the face of it, they owe it to themselves, and then to their hosts, to be as considerate and as courteous as they would expect visitors to be in their own homes. If the niece of Lord ——— were to receive a visitor who volunteered the remark that the said Lord ——— was a bully and a braggart, it would be the duty of the said niece to show her visitor the door. It is more than likely that she would not do so, judging by her behaviour in Italy; but her failure to do so would have no bearing on what would be obvious to others, namely, her duty. If Americans visit Rumania, and cable insulting remarks about the reigning family or about the Rumanian people, it ought not to be necessary for the Rumanian authorities to expel them; the authorities of their own country—the United States—ought to cancel their passports and order them home on the ground that they are compromising to the national honour. Not to resent affronts and insults is far from being a sign of grace. A man who permits his father or mother to be abused in his presence is a cur; and the same is true of a man who listens indifferently to abuse of his country, or of those who represent it as Mussolini represents Italy, or as Lincoln represented America. I, as an old resident of New York, may have an inexpressible contempt for some of our former mayors; but if an English or a French visitor were to sneer at them, it would be rude beyond endurance, and I should tell him so with the utmost possible candour.

"It is because Theosophy stands for a true understanding of Universal Brotherhood that its students and lovers deplore the perversions of Brotherhood which so many people adopt, and then use as pretexts for arrogance and bad manners. No people on the face of the earth sin more in this respect than some Americans—the trash of a huge population; but in many cases it is not so much arrogance and self-satisfaction which drive them to it, as a sense of their own insignificance when confronted with the culture, the refinement, and what I can only describe as the majesty of certain aspects of European civilization. There are vulgar people in every country, but in some they are forcibly discouraged, one result being that, when travelling abroad, they are less likely to be offensive. Among badly brought-up children, boastfulness and personal remarks are customary; insults are mere nothings. There are Americans whose refinement, culture and traditions are the equal of anything in Europe; but as a nation, we are still very young, painfully young; some might say, uncouth."

"Approved," said the Recorder. "What next?"

"A perennial among newspaper announcements is one to the effect that of all the worlds in space, Mars alone is habitable, because other visible planets are either too hot or too cold. The atmosphere of Venus, for instance, contains no oxygen and no water vapour; therefore neither animals nor plants could live there. This announcement is made, year after year, on the strength of

some lecture delivered by a learned Professor of Astronomy, first one and then another. In fact, almost any Professor of Astronomy in any university may be relied upon to make this declaration when the newspapers are not preoccupied; and it annoys me, because, year after year, it leaves me speechless with amazement,—and I object, at my age, to being amazed, and still more to being made speechless. How hopelessly narrow-minded they are! What depths of provincialism! They cannot conceive of anything outside the limits of their own experience. They are exactly like the Oriental who is supposed to have denied the possibility of solid water. Because animal life on this planet depends upon this and that, therefore animal life everywhere must depend upon the same conditions. Here men breathe; therefore, wherever breathing *as we know it* is impossible, conscious physical existence must be impossible. What a blessing Theosophy is! How incalculable our debt to H.P.B.! Our response may have been half-hearted, but I cannot imagine a student of her writings who could remain the victim of such professorial superstition. With all our faults and intellectual confines, we at least can think of bodies made of fire, of ether, or of substances utterly unknown to us. Give some of us time, and we could do better than that! The Student, who is fond of diagrams, would be prepared, I am sure, to sketch a 'vehicle' of consciousness with one part of its anatomy on Jupiter, another part on Saturn, and a third on Uranus, with perfect coordination between the three. Why not? Granting that we wear our insides inside here, in a compact even though messy bundle, it does not follow in the least that on some other planet, insides are not worn outside, perhaps made of gold, or of solid emerald, with quicksilver in the place of blood, and magnetic currents in place of air and food. I am trying to meet the astronomer as much as possible on his own ground —heaven help him; but it would be necessary to go much further if one were really arguing. There is no conceivable reason, for example, why the sun should not be inhabited. There are forms of life at the bottom of the ocean: no sunlight, no air, no heat, but bodies perfectly adapted to that most unpleasant (from our standpoint) environment. We know this to be the fact, though pseudo-science, a hundred years ago, would have denied it. Bodies can just as readily adapt themselves to a temperature of two thousand or so degrees Fahrenheit, thriving in that and wishing it were hotter; because of one thing we may be reasonably certain,—that wherever manifestation exists, contentment does not exist; so the creature at the bottom of the ocean probably longs for something deeper, darker, damper. Perhaps they are cast-off elementals of ours,—reactions against noise, and the glare of city lights, and the ravening dryness of our steam-heated offices. Who knows! In any case, if there be narrow-mindedness left in us, we should have no excuse for it, as students of Theosophy; and I find myself also quite unwilling to excuse a Professor in a University, because, after all, he is supposed to be educated; he is supposed to have read books; he is supposed to know better than some of our prominent statesmen, whose profession it is to believe that God chose America as His New Jerusalem; that nothing outside it or unlike it can really count in His eyes,—

that nothing unlike it is really *possible*, except as vestigial remains. Think of the letters of Walter H. Page, who was splendid in so many ways: they show that he admired in England everything that impressed him as 'American,' and that, being sincerely friendly to England, he apologized vigorously and pityingly and continuously for everything which he found unlike America as he knew it. Provincialism takes many forms, but the essence of it is to be wedded to one's own ideas, to one's own experience, and to imagine that there is only one way in which things can be done properly, and in which things can happen 'naturally.' The provincial mind limits nature, and limits what is seemly and proper, to boundaries predetermined by its own experience, to which, being timid and secretly uncertain of itself, it clings with the rigidity of death."

"What makes us provincial?" interrupted the Student.

"The mind itself seems to me to be inherently and incurably provincial," the Philosopher answered. "A man may travel and see the whole world, and yet remain as narrow in his sympathies as when he started; and sympathy, which I believe to be the only means of cure, is of the heart and soul, not of the mind. . . . Which reminds me of a letter from a member of the Society who resides in Japan. She had been greatly impressed by an article which appeared in the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, by Paul Claudel, and was good enough to send us a translation of one passage, which bears directly upon the nature of the mind as compared with that of the soul. Paul Claudel, besides being a great poet, is ambassador of France to Japan, and I believe was consulted about the exact meaning of *esprit* in his allegory. Here is the translation:

"'All is not well in the household of Animus and Anima, the mind and the soul. The time is distant—the honeymoon soon over during which Anima had the right to speak quite at her ease and Animus listened to her with delight. After all, was it not Anima who brought the dowry and who supports the household? But Animus did not allow himself to be reduced to this subordinate position very long, and soon revealed his true nature,—vain, pedantic, tyrannical. Anima is an ignoramus and a fool, she has never been to school, whereas Animus knows heaps of things; he had read heaps of things in books, . . . all his friends say that no one talks better than he. . . . Anima no longer has the right to say a word . . . , he knows better than she what she wants to say. Animus is not faithful, but that does not prevent him from being jealous, for, at bottom, he knows well (no, he has finally forgotten it), that it is Anima who has all the money; he is a beggar who lives only on what she gives him. So he does not cease to exploit and torment her. . . . She remains silently at home to cook and clean up as best she can. . . . At bottom Animus is a bourgeois; he has regular habits, he likes always to eat the same dishes. But something funny has just happened. . . . One day when Animus was returning unexpectedly . . . he heard Anima singing to herself behind the closed door, a curious song, something he did not know, no way to find out the notes, or the words, or the key; a strange and

marvellous song. Since, he has tried slyly to make her repeat it, but Anima makes believe she does not understand. She becomes silent as soon as he looks at her. The soul becomes silent as soon as the mind looks at her. Then Animus hits upon a trick; he arranges to make her think that he is not in; little by little Anima is reassured, she looks, she listens, she breathes, she believes herself alone, and noiselessly she opens the door to her divine lover.'"

There was a pause. "What next?" asked the Recorder. "You surely cannot have exhausted your notes yet!" The Philosopher consulted them, and then:

"Another subject which the newspapers exploit periodically, is the possible recognition by the United States Government of the Soviet Republic of Russia. I was interested to see that Elihu Root had laid down a principle of action in this matter which has wider applications than he, perhaps, realized. He is reported to have said: 'The recognition of one Government by another, is not a mere courtesy. It is an act having a definite and specific meaning, and it involves an acceptance by the recognizing Government of the principles, purposes and avowed intentions of the recognized Government as being in conformity with the rules which govern the conduct of civilized nations toward each other.'

"Clearly, the same principle applies in our human relations. There are those who, in the name of Brotherhood, often plead that we should be friendly with anyone who wishes to be friendly with us, and that certainly, between members of the same family, all outer forms of friendship should be maintained, even if the behaviour of one of them be notoriously wrong. In this case, also, the doctrine of Brotherhood is used as a cloak for moral neutrality, if not for actual condonation of wrong-doing. We are responsible for our friendships and for the example which they set. It is a sin to 'recognize' an individual whose behaviour is known to violate the moral law ('the rules which govern the conduct of civilized nations'—or people—'toward each other'). In some cases it is sentimentality, in others, moral cowardice, which blinds people to their duty in these matters, and which often leads them to accuse someone of snobbishness if he shuts his door against the sinner who glories in his sin, or who, unrepentant, brazens it before the world. 'I am not perfect,' it is said, 'so how can I afford to judge another, or behave as if I were superior?' This attitude was dealt with to some extent in a letter published in the last issue of the QUARTERLY. No one is perfect, but our imperfections do not justify us if, like Pilate, we wash our hands of responsibility and refuse to judge between good and evil. Neutrality is a deep-seated and very insidious disease, which, like many other diseases, is often a mask used unconsciously to cover self-interest, or perhaps to excuse the easy way out of a difficult situation. There is only one step between that and the condition of a man like Rousseau, of whom it has justly been said that he found delight at the same time in the good which he loved without doing it, and in the evil which he did without hating it."

"It must be dreadful," said the Historian, "to be so wise."

The Philosopher peered at him, and then, calmly: "Theosophy ought to make us wise, though unfortunately, it cannot always do so; and while I should not say that its wisdom is 'dreadful', I should say that it is dangerous."

"Theosophy dangerous!" exclaimed our Visitor.

"Theosophy is for the few, and not for the many," was the reply. "I do not know what would happen if the whole world were to believe in it, for the world would certainly twist it to worldly purposes. Look at Adyar! Theosophy, being 'so divine and comfortable a thing to them who receive it worthily,' is 'so dangerous to those who will presume to receive it unworthily,'—as is said of the Communion in a little-used Exhortation. Take, for example, one of the strongest appeals made to orthodox Christians of all denominations: 'A few more years shall roll.' In other words—and I have read this sort of thing over and over again: 'Death may come at any moment; at most you can have but a few short years to live; sin, and you will go to hell, or will suffer for ages in purgatory; be good and self-sacrificing just a little longer, and you will be rewarded with an eternity of bliss.' Figuratively speaking, as a reward for five minutes' effort, the struggling soul is promised an unending Heaven. Granting that he believes it, how easy it should be to make the brief effort! And yet, see how few make it. Now suppose that the same people were to believe instead in Karma and Reincarnation. They would say to themselves, 'Why hurry; I have all the time there is; someday I may want to go in for discipleship, but not now, for now I want the experience of enjoyment, and the worst that can happen hereafter is a temporary hell, and then, in my next incarnation, maybe I shall feel differently, and even if I don't, I have all eternity before me.' Frankly I believe that some of us may be influenced, unknown to ourselves, by an undercurrent of such reasoning, and that our efforts are slackened accordingly. If we were seriously convinced that the present life were our last chance, I suspect we should try much harder than we do, and should waste much less time.

"The more you know, the more dependent you are on that which transcends knowledge. Mere breadth of view does not make for enthusiasm. It is easy for a one-idea'd man to be zealous. If I could believe that souls could be saved by baptizing bodies, I should be prepared, I fancy, to spend my last cent buying Chinese babies, and on having them baptized by the dozen. Similarly, if I could believe that the salvation of the world depended upon Prohibition, it would be easy to work fanatically for that cause. The more you know, the more sides to a question you see; the more reasons you discover for and against any suggested solution or panacea. The consequence is that lack of conviction takes the place of conviction. That is why worldly-wise men rarely accomplish anything,—for I am speaking only of mental wisdom, and of intellectual knowledge. I am supposing that the world were to accept the theosophical philosophy intellectually, without the surrender of self or any real turning of the heart.

"Take, as further example, the Law of Cycles, which covers, among other things, the fact that growth takes place by action and reaction, somewhat as

the tide rises by a series of forward and backward movements. Apply this to the development of manners. Think of the year 1850, when it would have been considered inelegant for a young woman of the better class not to faint if she saw a mouse or if her ankles were accidentally exposed. Think of the same class of young woman to-day. It would be quite in the vogue, as I understand it, at sight of a mouse, for her to 'sing out,'—'Get to —— out of here, you —— —— ——,' while hurling her slipper at it. As to ankles, the least said the better,—in the QUARTERLY.

"Now I do not believe that students of Theosophy would approve of either extreme; but is the edge of their displeasure blunted by remembering the swing of the cyclic pendulum? It ought not to be. They have heard that the Lodge, whose convictions do not change, will reinforce one tendency at one period and the opposite tendency at another. Could the world understand this; or would the world, if it were to believe it, merely infer that its own habitual attitude of 'nothing matters' had been sanctioned from on high?

"I insist that the truth is always dangerous; that the world as a whole is far better off without it, and that we, who have been trusted with some of it, should beware lest we become its victims. Enthusiasm often means no more than intellectual boyishness—like yelling at a game of football. On the other hand, absence of enthusiasm, in a student of Theosophy, is proof positive that the truths entrusted to him have been too much for his mind, and that spiritually he is asleep."

"I am sorry," said our Visitor, "but for the life of me I cannot understand what you mean by saying that the world as a whole is far better off without the truth. The whole of our modern educational system is based upon the realization that we cannot know too much. Think of our Public Libraries, and of the countless millions of dollars spent yearly by the civilized nations on behalf of education."

"Do not start me, please, on the subject of education. I am the mildest of creatures, and I have no desire to become rabid. In a word, modern education is one of the greatest evils from which humanity has ever suffered. It sharpens wits and kills souls,—which means that evil is reinforced by being made more cunning. But what I specially had in mind when making the statement you quote, was the sphere of religion. I was arguing against any attempt to give Theosophy to the multitude. It is so clear to me that, with very few exceptions, people are provided with religion according to their needs, and that their needs, in this respect, are governed by laws which are similar to those which govern their physical needs,—climate included. To try to turn a Spanish or Italian peasant into a Protestant would be as wicked as trying to convert him to the food of a Laplander; to try to turn a Dane into a Roman Catholic would be as foolish as trying to feed him on garlic and the equivalent of *bouillabaisse*. There are such things as mental and spiritual stomachs. Every good thing and every evil thing, begins on the plane of religion. The mania for standardization, which so many of us deplore, in education as much as in manufacture, and which is usually regarded as a

modern development, is really the logical outcome of the Inquisition (both Protestant and Catholic) of centuries ago."

"Not so fast, please," the Recorder protested. "Before you jump to another subject, kindly explain yourself."

"There is nothing to explain. It is perfectly clear. The Inquisition was based on the theory that everyone ought to believe alike. It was an effort to standardize religion. A religious belief, especially a wrong one, always percolates down, in the course of time, to the plane of education, and finally to that of action in its most material form. In other words, Ford is the American representative of Torquemada and Calvin. If Ford were to believe in Theosophy, he would be certain to insist that everyone else should believe in it, and would probably spend millions on propaganda, causing thousands of feeble souls to die of mental distention and a sort of spiritual thrombosis. He would hire people to write books like Mrs. Annie Besant's, in which the universe and everything in it would be automatized and card-indexed,—especially the Lodge; and then he would distribute these, in all languages, in all parts of the world, to everyone who could read. The only half-way sane people left in the world, after a few years, would be a handful of genuine Theosophists and the people who had never learned to read."

"But I am not at all sure that that is not the situation to-day, irrespective of Ford," the Student interjected.

"Even so, matters would be worse on my hypothesis," the Philosopher retorted; "and it would all be well meant. Torquemada, Calvin and the rest of them, were (or are) psychics. Such people catch a glimpse of universality, just as the Pacifist catches a glimpse of Pralaya; and then, regardless of time, space and causality, nothing for it but to force their twisted interpretation upon an unready world. . . . However, my point is that Theosophy is dangerous because the Truth is dangerous. From the beginning of time the Lodge has told little children that babies are dug up under bramble bushes (or is it under cabbages?),—and the Lodge knows its business. The Lodge told the Jews that the world was created in seven days; if it had said, in seven billions of years, the Jews would either have thought of themselves as the fine flower of all those billions, and would have been more pleased with themselves than ever, or would have retorted, 'Then why hurry us? There is time to burn.' The only chance for the average man is to see an everlasting hell within half an inch on one side of him, and Paradise about a yard away on the other. If I were the Lodge—"

"I am beginning to be glad that you are not," said the Student.

"If I were the Lodge," the Philosopher repeated, "I should pray for two things: first, for more chêlas,—for men and women who would give themselves unreservedly to Divine Wisdom; second, I should pray for devoted, unselfish, ignorant, fiery believers in hell, whose conviction would frighten the world into fits."

"I wish you had not begun by describing yourself as 'an average student' of Theosophy," the Recorder protested. "It is one thing to entertain us with

your rather alarming suggestions; it is another thing to reproduce your remarks in the 'Screen,' which is supposed to contain ————"

"Don't discourage him," the Historian interrupted. "You can reproduce his remarks without endorsing them in every detail; and, after all, while an article or speech, with every word of which you agree, may be most helpful and inspiring, it seems to have become the function of the 'Screen' to be provocative of thought,—to arouse discussion rather than to compel agreement; which may be at least as helpful as the other method."

But the Philosopher was in no mood to be discouraged, and literally beamed when our Visitor gave him a further opening with the protest: "You are very severe on modern education; but I doubt if there has ever been as much culture in the world as there is to-day."

"I am not sure that I know what you mean by 'culture'," he answered. "In my opinion the sole purpose of education is to develop character, including refinement of taste and the ability to discriminate between beauty and its counterfeits. Here, for instance, is a product of the system you advocate. It is from a Preface to a Bookseller's catalogue. The parents of the men who wrote it, probably could not read and almost certainly were too wise to try to write: not so their offspring. I will quote the first paragraph only:

"'Autumn, the season of amazing transformation, that period in which Nature apostrophizes and prepares herself for the migratory change that is to come, by trumpeting her shifting, siren colors far and wide—serves in still another capacity to the lover of books. Then it is that he bethinks himself of the long and stormy months ahead, when his treasures will once again enter into their own. The roaring, the flame, the endless gusto at the end of Autumn presents the passing of something infinitely close, to something flagrantly remote. Wind and snow and ice are here to ravage and despair. If he be a collector of right and royal degree he begins his presumably intellectual barricado at once.'

"Please especially note the 'flagrantly remote': a gem. Of course there is another way of looking at it, as an ardent champion of education suggested when he said that it cures people of 'the sin of repentance.' On the other hand, again, it was not *he* who wrote the lines,—

"'Lizzie Borden took an axe
And gave her mother forty whacks:
When she saw what she had done,
She gave her father forty-one.'"

Fortunately, our Visitor saw the joke and laughed with the rest of us. I think he must have seen through the mask which the Philosopher had assumed, for he looked at him appealingly as he asked: "Will you not please say something more about chêlaship? A few minutes ago you said that if you were the Lodge, the first thing you would pray for would be more chêlas,—

for men and women who would give themselves unreservedly to Divine Wisdom. How can that be done?"

Instantly the Philosopher changed his tone. "If I could answer you," he said, "how happy I should be! Yet, to pretend that I cannot answer you would not be true, for I know the Way, even if I fail too often to follow it; and I have seen others follow it,—a few to victory. The Way of the Buddha, the Way of the *Bhagavad Gita*, the Way of *The Imitation of Christ*, are one and all the same Way, for all lead to the same goal."

"What is that Way? What is that goal?"

"The Way is love and the goal is love."

"What is love?"

The Philosopher gazed at him with admiration. "You are courageous," he said. "It is a rare gift. Most people either think they know all about love, or are afraid to confess that they know nothing. I can only tell you what I have observed.

"There was a mother. She was old and bed-ridden. She had many children. Most of them did what they could for her, but, because they were her children, they were not 'a change,' while by nature they were not entertaining. There were a few old friends who called to see her regularly, planning beforehand little gifts, amusing stories, or reminders of old and happier times. One or two of them sang to her,—songs she had loved in her youth; and she was pathetically grateful for all this kindness, feeling she had nothing to offer in return, though in this she was wrong, because her gratitude was royal in its completeness. Then she died. Which of her children loved her? There was one who had served her from a strong sense of duty, a high sense of honour; dead, she was soon forgotten. There was one who had been devoted to her, emotionally; dead, she caused regret, remorse, and a sense of loss, and because all this was painful, the memory of her was stuffed away deliberately. There was one who sought out those who had been kind to her, to pay them back in their own coin,—longing for the smallest opportunity, in word and deed, to show undying gratitude, reminding them of what they had done, telling them of the joy they had brought into that fading life,—loving them for love of her.

"I do not think that love can be defined, but that it can only be suggested, by example and illustration. A whole chapter could be written on the text, 'Love me, love my dog.' Inevitably and without effort, we love that which the object of our love treasures. The disciple who loves his Master, loves those things which his Master loves. The Theosophical Society, for instance, may be regarded as a child of the Lodge of Masters. Love of them, or of any one of them, would compel us to love it; and this would mean zealous care, an unceasing sense of responsibility for its welfare. The least service rendered it by another, would arouse our gratitude. We should never feel that we were sacrificing our convenience for it, but, instead, that to do anything for it would be a privilege. The same would be true of all branches of their work.

"Suppose you had a crippled child, to whom some stranger showed great kindness in an emergency. Would it be merely from a sense of duty that you would seek out that stranger to thank him? Is it not true that the more real your love for the child, the more real your *need* to show gratitude for the kindness shown him? You would not send a servant with a polite message, or dictate a perfunctory acknowledgment. That is why anyone who really loves the Masters, and therefore the Society which they originated, is so grateful for every service rendered them or their creation.

"But I do not mean to limit love to gratitude. Hero-worship of the worthy *is* salvation. Dream of this if you will:—a great parade in heaven, or, rather, the march of a solitary Man through ranks of the disinherited,—thousands upon thousands of ne'er-do-wells and castaways who had kept, in some secret corner of their hearts, a love of heroism (were there not some among The First Hundred Thousand?). See them—these lost who are found—gulping down their tears—still ashamed of tears—hear them, wildly sobbing their cheers—not a hymn between them—as they behold the Man. Do you not love them for their love of him? Ay, love is a mystery, but it is life and there is no other, for love throws self away, and self is the only hell. But it must be love of the invisible. There is no satisfaction to be found in outer things, which pall inevitably. The Immortal alone satisfies,—and it has been written: 'I am the Immortal: *your* immortality.' So also, years ago, somewhere I read and have not forgotten: 'Seek me. I can forgive. I can make all things new. . . . Bless that you may be blessed. Give that you may be forgiven.'

"I have not answered your question; but I think you know the answer."

T.

It is not what he has, nor even what he does, which directly expresses the worth of a man, but what he is.—AMIEL.

LETTERS TO STUDENTS

NEW YORK, October 23rd, 1905.

DEAR ———

* * * * * * *

I think it perfectly natural that after your experience you should be cautious about letting your imagination work freely, but all the same I feel sure that you must realize that such hesitation on your part must prove a barrier. . . . We make our own barriers always. There are none other. There are no rules nor regulations nor requirements which bar our occult progress. We limit ourselves, our development. The whole Path from where we are, all the way to unimaginable heights, is open before us. This is the road for a little way; it takes us to the beginning of chêlaship; but to take advantage of the opportunity it affords, we must not hold back any part of our nature. We must let go completely. It requires great faith, but we know that great faith is one of the prime requisites for occult progress. Faith, armed with imagination, hews out the road in advance of us; but if we are afraid to let our imagination have free play, you can see how our progress is stayed.

I do not think most of our members realize what a really great body this is. They get too used to it, and to being members of it. Yet I have never known it to fail to supply any spiritual demand that was legitimate, and I have watched members from the moment of joining until they passed out of its sphere as accepted chêlas. I do not think, therefore, that you incur a risk by "letting go." You will be guarded and cared for and watched, as you work away at the barriers in your nature which separate you from the realms of Eternal Life, watched and guarded much more closely and in a much more personal manner than you realize. In fact one of the things you must try to do is to see the evidence of this care and help. It will not come in manifestations of phenomena, in visions and occult experiences, but in the trend and tenor of your daily life. Remember that our only right is the right to be tried, and that we have been told again and again that these trials and tests which mark our progress on the Path are involved in the way we meet the simple everyday occurrences of life, how we keep our temper under stress, how we resist mean impulses, low desires. It is very hard not to fail many, many times a day in these tests, and yet true holiness consists in meeting all these trials with sweetness and patience and undisturbed serenity; not in a willingness to suffer torture or death for the sake of principle. Almost anyone would and could do that.

* * * * * * *

The Inner Will is acquired by conquering the lower self. . . .

I shall be glad to answer questions to the best of my ability.

Sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

October 14th, 1906.

DEAR ———

You have had so much to contend with in ———— that the members are often in our thoughts, and we are very sincerely desirous of helping them by every means in our power.

I think it is helpful to remember that the way in which we can advance the interests of the Theosophical Movement most easily is by living the life.

We have unlimited power for good in this direction. While in matters of organization, and number of members, and propaganda work generally, we are often times so bound by circumstances as to be able to do very little, we can, however, always be good; and if we show such a spirit of gentleness and forgiveness, of purity and sweetness and devotion in our lives, that our friends and acquaintances want to know the source from which we derive our strength, then we have done more for Theosophy than is possible in any other way. We who have such a privilege, such special help and protection, such wealth of inspiration to draw upon, should be so much better than other people as to cause remark and to excite wonderment and curiosity,—we should draw attention to Theosophy by the power of our lives, rather than by our words or writings. There is always an unlimited field for activity and work in this direction, so no one need ever feel discouraged because outer opportunities seem lacking.

With best wishes for the success of your work in ————,

I am, very sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

May 19th, 1907.

DEAR ———

I was very glad to get your letter of the 11th of May, and to hear direct from you once more. I note what you say about ————. Do not let this trouble you. We must all do our best; and as one of the Masters once said, "He who does his best does enough for us." We have to submit to the limitations of time and space.

Frequently the sacrifice which we are called upon to make is to abandon for a time all the work which we love, and from which we get the most help and inspiration. This is a bitter trial, but like all the others must be endured. We rise up from each such test stronger and better than before; and if we take a broad enough view of the work and the future, we shall see that there will be plenty of time for everything, and that it is not necessary to do any given piece of work now, when *we* should like to do it. We are all in the hands of the Law which knows best what is good for us. I think it is a mistake to fret and pine because things do not go the way we should like to have them. We cannot see what is good for us or for anyone else, and if we put our minds to work at such problems we are likely to thwart the workings of the Law for our benefit. Our chief duty is to live the life. If we do that consistently and always,

we cannot make mistakes, and we shall always be doing our duty and the most helpful thing for others. That is the only safe ground.

I am very busy, so you will pardon me for not writing a very long letter.

With best wishes of all kinds, I am,

As always,

C. A. GRISCOM.

NEW YORK, January 18th, 1908.

DEAR ———

It is a considerable time since I have had the pleasure of a letter from you, but I have heard of you from others, and judge that matters in ———— have been going a little better recently. I hope so. It has been very hard for you to keep steadily at work all these years and not to let these disturbances prevent your accomplishing valuable things.

I am getting more and more enthusiastic about the great things which the T. S. has accomplished. The number of our members and the size of our branches have nothing to do with the case. The place to look for evidences of our work is not within our own ranks, but in the world at large. There we see unmistakable evidences of the effect of the work of the last thirty years. We see a religious revival. Not a revival of some religious sect nor within any particular Church, but a general increase of interest in religious matters of all kinds. We see the multiplication of magazines on these and similar topics, and we see some of the foremost men in the world devoting a large part of their time to religious discussion. We see a most liberalizing tendency in all the Churches, and from many pulpits we hear sermons which are pure Theosophy; while from hardly any do we have the old doctrinal sermon which no one cared for, and which no one would now tolerate. We notice the use of our special ideas in literature, in art, in every walk of life, and this goes on in increasing ratio. So it is in these directions that we must look for confirmation of my belief that we have as yet very little appreciation of what we have really accomplished. Perhaps we shall never fully realize it, for much of the effect of the Movement must still be stored in the interior planes, to come to the surface when the time is ripe. But we can see enough and to spare, to satisfy us completely for all the little effort we have made, and to keep us properly nerved for our work in the future, and that is the special idea which I wanted to bring out in this letter. In a place like ———— where there has been trouble, and where, therefore, it is especially hard to work, we must pause at times and take an account of stock, as it were, and then go on.

You will be pleased to know that one of the book dealers to whom you gave some QUARTERLIES, has sent in a subscription for five copies and says he expects to be able to sell more. He spoke highly of the magazine and said it sold readily. Now if the sentiment at ———— is such that the public will readily buy our magazine, you must take some of the credit to yourself and

realize that it means fruition of some of the labour you have bestowed upon this field in the past years.

With kindest regards, I am,

Sincerely,

C. A. Griscom.

New York, February 9th, 1908.

Dear ———

If the days were forty-eight hours long instead of only twenty-four, it would be my pleasure to write to you very much more often than I have time to do at present. I believe it is a very good thing for us to write to one another. I know how glad I always am to receive letters from you. They carry a warmth and affection which represent on this plane the very real and vital bond which joins us closely together on the inner planes, and so I think they serve a valuable purpose.

Professor Mitchell has shown me your letter which I have so much enjoyed reading, for we all often think and speak of you. More often perhaps than you realize. I remember, and look back with great pleasure to, the glimpse we had of you in London three or four years ago. I only wish that such experiences could be more often repeated.

Do you not feel in ———— the general increase in the interest which people take in religion? We can see it here in our country, and in England and France and Italy; but we know so little of ————, not knowing the language, and not being able to read the books and papers, that we cannot follow such a movement in your land. I cannot doubt, however, but your people also feel the quickening of the Spirit of God upon the face of the waters of life.

The Movement grows in power and influence all the time, whatever may be said of its size as an external organization. I do not think we begin to realize the work it does in very many ways that we do not understand, and of which we only occasionally catch brief glimpses. Indeed I believe that much of the general religious awakening which we see everywhere is due to the work done by H. P. B. and her followers. I do not think the Lodge could have brought to bear upon the world at large the forces which have produced these results, unless the ground had been broken by H. P. B. and the Theosophical Movement generally. This work gave the Lodge centres of action in the world from which force could radiate, often times entirely unconsciously to the centres themselves. So I say that we appreciate but a few of the many lines of influence which the T. S. really has.

I like to dilate a little upon this point, for we are very prone to measure by worldly standards, and to imagine that because there are only a few hundred of us, our work is therefore limited to what a few hundred people ordinarily could do. It is not so, I am sure.

We must not forget that back of us is the Lodge; that it stands ready at all

times to take and use every good impulse, every sincere wish to benefit others, even every kindly thought. In this way we can work, and work and work, and never apparently accomplish anything at all. But there is never an atom of such force wasted, and if it does not show in the directions in which we wish it to show, or if it does not result in a large membership, a vigorous Society, many lectures and books and magazines, that does not mean that it has not produced a very great effect.

So I look with comparative indifference at the list of members. What does it matter? Only that if we had more, there would be more people to think and act and talk in the manner that would give still greater force to the members of the Lodge to use for the benefit of humanity.

I am very glad to learn that there is a hope that you may follow the lead of England and consolidate with the T. S. A., which, hereafter, I do not think will be called the T. S. A., but simply T. S. It is a move in the right direction.

With the best of good wishes and greetings, I am,

Sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

LONDON, December 24th, 1910.

DEAR ———

Just before I left for London on a hurried business trip, I received your letter and the money order which I have turned over to the Treasurer, and for which I beg to extend our warmest thanks. It is pleasant to feel a little nearer to you than usual, and as I am staying at the same hotel as when we had the great pleasure of seeing you here, it has brought very vividly to my mind that visit of several years ago.

But really we should not need this outer aid to recollection and friendship, for what tie can be so close as that of disciples of the same Master, and we are all disciples to the extent which we choose to be. The way to become a chêla is to *be* one. We cannot be one before we are recognized as one.

I send you most affectionate Christmas greetings, and best wishes for the New Year.

Yours sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

REVIEWS

Man is War, by John Carter; published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company; price, $3.50.

This book is being widely reviewed in the secular press, often with distress. Ours "is an age," says the author, "which holds strongly to the belief that man is perfectible, that war can be abolished, and that peace is the highest aim of civilization." With this view he does not agree. "War," he declares, "is inherent in the Atlantic way of life. And war will persist until the Atlantic races achieve a spiritual abdication in which they will prefer to abandon to others the fruit of their labours, scorn to receive more than they give, cast aside their present ideals of manhood and honour, and substitute for them the bleak ideas of service and self-effacement. Yet these passive qualities are exactly those which spell suicide to a man, to a race and to a civilization."

Mr. Carter need not worry. So far as his main thesis is concerned, the fact is that there will be war on earth and in heaven until the powers that make for righteousness have either converted or exterminated the powers that make for evil. That is flat and final; and if anyone should ask us how we know, our answer is that some of us purpose to be here, from time to time, and, at least at those times, *to make it so!* Further, should any Pacifist remind us that it takes two to make a quarrel, and that he will refuse to quarrel, our answer is that it does not take two to make a funeral. So that question is settled. But while we accept Mr. Carter's conclusion, his reasoning impresses us as that of a man in a terrible mental fog. He needs the principles of Theosophy as a light in his darkness, if ever a man did. He refutes a glittering generality—that man is perfectible—only to put another—that man is not perfectible—in its place. There is no such thing as "man"; there are men, and men are of various kinds. Those who say that man is inherently evil are as foolish as those who say he is inherently good. Some men are born bad, some are born good, and most are born a mixture,—the fruit, in each case, of their own previous sowing. But because evil is merely a perversion, and not a "thing in itself," it cannot be immortal, and must ultimately destroy itself (as a cancerous growth destroys itself) unless transformed into its original elements, and thus brought back into harmony with the rest of the universe.

This still leaves the nature of "goodness" undefined,—and Mr. Carter's ideas on that subject seem to be extraordinarily benighted. If he thinks that the ideals of manhood and honour are antagonistic to the ideas of service and self-effacement, we can only suggest the need to revise his understanding of all four conceptions. George Washington was a man, and even his present newspaper critics would not deny him a high sense of honour. Was he self-seeking? Is it not true that he spent his life in service, and that he was splendidly self-effacing? And we should be surprised indeed if he found the exercise of these qualities a "passive" process! Those who have fought self-assertion in themselves—and perhaps in others—would be inclined to describe the battle, not only as active, but frequently as hectic.

In brief, while we sincerely welcome Mr. Carter's contribution to the study of this subject, and are glad that he attacks successfully some pet modern illusions, we regret that he should have been blinded by other illusions, equally foreign to the world of fact, which detract from the value of his book, and which lay him open to counter-attack by our common enemy,—Cant.

H.

St. Joseph of Arimathea at Glastonbury, or The Apostolic Church of Britain, by the Rev. Lionel Smithett Lewis, M. A., Vicar of Glastonbury; third edition: London, A. R. Mowbray & Co.; price, one shilling.

A friend who visited the spot, sent us this interesting and beautifully illustrated booklet, which has had a gratifying and almost surprising success in England. Glastonbury, Mr. Lewis reminds us, is undoubtedly the site of the oldest church in Britain, which was probably the oldest Christian church above ground in the world. He takes us back to the ancient, mysterious, and fascinating traditions about the coming of Joseph of Arimathea, who brought the Holy Grail to England,—traditions which have not yet been proved to the satisfaction of the "higher" critics, perhaps, but which nevertheless conjure up an atmosphere of Christian mysticism—an echo of other-worldliness—and which have touched the hearts of countless generations. We recall Madame Blavatsky's constant emphasis on the importance of myths and traditions as purveyors, often, of deeper truths than any written record. Mr. Lewis believes in the traditions that linger around Glastonbury—and we believe that his instinct is right, and his faith not without foundation. He has gathered together in brief form the quotations from all the ancient writers—Eusebius, Dorotheus, Clement of Rome, Origen, Theodoret, Tertullian, Mello, Hilary, Jerome, Chrysostom, Augustine—referring to Christianity in early Britain; and to the well-known but to-day little considered fact, that the British Church owed its foundation to the disciples of Christ and their disciples, and was apart from, and for centuries independent of, Latin Christianity and the Roman See.

He has written a clear, interesting, temperate and concise booklet, giving in brief and readable compass an excellent introduction to this significant and fascinating subject. A. G.

Concerning the Inner Life, by Evelyn Underhill. Methuen & Co., Ltd., London, 1926; price 2s.

Readers of the QUARTERLY need no introduction to the works of Evelyn Underhill, whose invaluable studies of mysticism have been reviewed in these pages, as they appeared, and have aided countless students to understand better that inner life of the spirit which is the goal of the Theosophical Movement. This latest volume, a series of three addresses, delivered to a group of clergy of the Church of England, will be widely welcomed, but perhaps nowhere more appreciatively than within our own Society. It is couched in Christian terms, but is none the less universal in its application. It is a little book, of less than a hundred pages. You can read it through in two or three hours,—but if you do, you will probably, and may certainly profitably, carry it in your pocket to reread and ponder, in moments of leisure, for as many weeks or months. Its outstanding feature is the simple and direct way in which it deals with the practical problems of those "whose religious interests have passed from the sphere of notion to the sphere of experience." We are not asked to consider abstract theories, or to attempt, in advance of experience, to analyze and classify the states of consciousness and degrees of prayer which the lives of saints and seers record. Instead, though the vision of the heights is kept before our eyes, the author talks to us, intimately and personally, as "one more or less dusty pilgrim helping another *in via*," upon the present difficulties we confront and how best to travel the stage that lies immediately ahead. For that reason these addresses, slight though they are in comparison, seem to the reviewer to mark an advance beyond the author's earlier books. In them we caught fire from her theme, but here she passes on, also, something of the contagion of her own efforts and aspirations. We feel we are no longer listening merely to the student of mysticism, but to one who has herself entered its discipline and endeavour, and who therefore speaks to us as a comrade on the Path.

The first address is given to make clear that it is only through the inner life of prayer and meditation that man can sustain and renew his spiritual vitality, or gain the power to be of any real aid to his fellows. He must be "rooted and grounded" in the spirit; and as the whole growth and stability of a tree depend upon the profound and secret life of its unseen system of roots, with their tenacious attachments and power of silently absorbing food, so the whole life of a man, and the effect of his outer activity, depend upon his hidden life of

prayer. No more important problems can confront us, therefore, than how we can contrive to give, in the midst of our manifold duties, regular time to the rooting of our lives in the Eternal, and how we may use that time most effectively to its appointed end. It is with this immediate and practical aim that methods of prayer and meditation are then discussed, and the ways by which we may educate ourselves in their employment, beginning with the fundamental prayer of adoration, where the soul turns directly toward its parent source, and ending with the intercessory prayer of service, in which the soul, "once purged of self-interest," can share in the self-giving sacrifice of its Creator.

There is scarcely a page of the book from which one is not tempted to quote; we choose almost at random. "Called upon to practise in their fulness the two great commandments, you can only hope to get the second one right, if you are completely controlled by the first. And that will depend upon the quality of your secret inner life. Now by the quality of our inner lives I do not mean something characterized by ferocious intensity and strain. I mean rather such a humble and genial devotedness as we find in the most loving of the saints. I mean the quality which makes contagious Christians; makes people *catch* the love of God from you. Because they ought not to be able to help doing this, if you have really got it. . . . That is what wins people above all."

"Now if you are to convey that spiritual certitude, it is plain that you must yourselves be spiritually alive. And to be spiritually alive means to be growing and changing; not to settle down among a series of systematized beliefs and duties, but to endure and go on enduring the strains, conflicts and difficulties incident to growth."

"Spiritual achievement costs much, though never as much as it is worth. It means at the very least the painful development and persevering exercise of a faculty that most of us have allowed to get slack. It means an inward if not an outward asceticism: a virtual if not an actual mysticism. People talk about mysticism as if it were something quite separate from practical religion; whereas, as a matter of fact, it is the intense heart of all practical religion, and no one without some touch of it is contagious and able to win souls. What *is* mysticism? It is in its widest sense the reaching out of the soul to contact with those eternal realities which are the subject matter of religion. And the mystical life is the complete life of love and prayer which transmutes those objects of belief into living realities: love and prayer directed to God for God Himself, and not for any gain for ourselves."

"The question of the proper feeding of our devotional life must of course include the rightful use of spiritual reading. And with spiritual reading we may include formal or informal meditation upon Scripture or religious truth: the brooding consideration, the savouring—as it were the chewing of the cud—in which we digest that which we have absorbed and apply it to our own needs. Spiritual reading is, or at least it can be, second only to prayer as a developer and support of the inner life. In it we have access to all the hoarded supernatural treasure of the race. . . . It should not be confined to Scripture, but should also include the lives and writings of the canonized and uncanonized saints: for in religion variety of nourishment is far better than a dyspeptic or fastidious monotony of diet. If we do it properly, such reading is a truly social act. It gives to us not only information but communion, real intercourse with the great souls of the past, who are the pride and glory of the Christian family. Studying their lives and work, slowly and with sympathy; reading the family history, the family letters; trying to grasp the family point of view; we gradually discover these people to be in origin, though not in achievement, very much like ourselves. They are people who are devoted to the same service, handicapped often by the same difficulties; and yet whose victories and insights humble and convict us, and who can tell us more and more, as we learn to love more and more, of the relation of the soul to Reality. . . . It is one of the ways in which the communion of saints can be most directly felt by us."

"They (the saints) do not stand aside wrapped in delightful prayers and feeling pure and agreeable to God. They go right down into the mess; and there, right down in the mess, they are able to radiate God because they possess Him. And that, above all else, is the priestly work that wins and heals souls."

H. B. M.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION NO. 326.—*How can one get far enough away from self to study the personality impersonally?*

ANSWER.—One may tentatively suggest, as one method, the practice of spiritual reading which is directed towards the solution of this very problem. Get a clear intellectual view of the distinction between the Real and the unreal. Then "act out" this view in some duty of the day. Finally, at the end of the day, examine the way in which you have applied your vision, and if you find that you might have done better, do not sorrow, but rejoice that the Universe is, at least potentially, even better than you are at your best. V.

ANSWER.—By practice, since it is really a matter of degree. Almost everyone can be impersonal about himself at some point, if he wants to be. Let him gradually increase the area of such study, and welcome help, from any source. C. M. S.

ANSWER.—One way is to look at ourselves through the eyes of others. Take what our candid friends, or our enemies, for that matter, say about our faults, and try to see where what they say is true, instead of insisting to ourselves, or to them, that whatever faults we may have, that particular one is none of ours. Another excellent practice is to try to see where we have been wrong in any controversy, instead of where we have been right. Probably the best of all ways for those fortunate enough to be able to do it, is to ask an older student of Theosophy for help. J. F. B. M.

ANSWER.—First of all, we must learn to be honest with ourselves, and ridding ourselves of some of our glamour, stare our personality in the face and be willing to recognize it for what it is. Humility is a great aid in properly appraising our personality. We know how easily we detect faults in another; those faults are usually present in us, at least potentially, if we will but seek for them; and it is a helpful practice to look for virtues in others, and for faults in ourselves. If we regard the personality as the "self which is the enemy of Self," we may gain a better perspective of its nature and activities. M.

ANSWER.—At the times that we are farthest from self we do not know it, just because of that very fact; but we realize it afterwards, and know those times to have been our happiest. As we were then entirely absorbed in something or someone else, can we not get away from ourselves deliberately, and then, as it were, look back at the personality? For instance, read the "Sermon on the Mount," trying to picture the Christian Master, and to enter into his thoughts and feelings as he describes, in the beatitudes, the qualifications of a disciple, one by one. Then, thoroughly saturated with these high thoughts, look suddenly back at the personality, *just as it is*. The fourth letter of the first volume of *Letters That Have Helped Me* is a wonderful exercise in "getting away from the self" and in realizing the oneness of all life. H. E. D.

ANSWER.—By saying to ourselves continually, as Mr. Judge suggested, "I am the Higher Self," until this means something to us. By analysing our countless daily decisions in everyday problems and duties, in the effort to determine the extent to which they are influenced by personal desire and preference. Little by little—for in the nature of things the process

must be gradual—we shall thus substitute purposed thought and an ordered control for unregulated, emotional impulse,—and force the lower nature to stop interfering with the real "I." Then the times when we seem to be above the personality and looking down upon it, will be more frequent and something like continuous impersonal study will become possible. C. R. A.

QUESTION NO. 327.—*In reading Theosophical books, I am often puzzled to determine what the writer means by "soul." Is it the higher mind, superconsciousness, the reincarnating principle, the higher self, or something distinct from these?*

ANSWER.—Is this not necessarily so? Sharing, as I do, the questioner's difficulty, I might be puzzled over his use of terms, were he to discuss "higher mind," "higher self," etc.,—unless for myself I had formed, in the first place, some clear concept of each to which I might relate his. Nor are such puzzles confined to philosophy—sometimes one is at a loss to know what a friend means by a simple statement about everyday affairs, especially as he may not take the trouble to be consistent in his use of terms, as would one who was writing on Theosophy. For the purposes of his article or book, he would naturally select some definite point from which to view the "soul," much as the artist elects the point from which he will light the landscape he is to paint. Both have various choices open to them, to which they must be true when they have chosen. But the creative side of reading and of listening is equally important—and that was most interestingly set forth in "An Approach to Spiritual Science," April, 1926, THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY. E.

ANSWER.—In what terms is the author writing? What is the truth beyond and behind his words? Let us assume that it is of design, and not by accident, that we are forced to use our intuition and power of analysis. In the absence of a hard and fast definition of terms lies our opportunity; our thought is not restricted but stimulated. C. R. A.

ANSWER.—The word "soul," like other general terms such as "Nature" or "God," has a variable meaning. It signifies different things to different people and probably never means the same thing twice to the same person. Perhaps there is an excellent reason for this vagueness. "Soul" is after all practically synonymous with consciousness, and consciousness is the principle of growth and change. If we give a fixed definition to "soul" we shall falsify our vision of real being which is not static but dynamic. Students of Theosophy speak of a "spiritual soul" (Buddhi), a "human soul" (Manas), and an "animal soul" (Kama). We shall have to use intuition and imagination to know to what particular aspect of the seven principles they are referring in a given instance. And then we must be careful not to stereotype the image. S. L.

ANSWER.—In Theosophical writings, soul is often loosely used to mean the real man, that part of man which reincarnates, as contrasted with the mortal personality. In reply to the question: "What is it that reincarnates?", Madame Blavatsky said, in the *Key to Theosophy*, page 82:

"The spiritual thinking Ego, the permanent principle in man, or that which is the seat of Manas. It is not Atma, or even Atma-Buddhi, regarded as the dual Monad, which is the individual, or divine man, but Manas; for Atman is the Universal All, and becomes the Higher Self of man only in conjunction with Buddhi, its vehicle, which links It to the individuality, or divine man. For it is the Buddhi-Manas—the united fifth and sixth principles—which is called the Causal Body by the Vedantins, and which is *consciousness*, that connects It with every personality It inhabits on earth. Therefore, soul being a generic term, there are in men three aspects of soul: (1) the terrestrial, or animal; (2) the human soul; and (3) the spiritual soul; these, strictly speaking, are one soul in its three aspects. Now of the first aspect, nothing remains after death; of the second, *nous* or Manas, only its divine essence, *if left unsoiled*, survives; while the third in addition to being immortal becomes *consciously* divine, by the assimilation of the higher Manas." J. F. B. M.

QUESTION NO. 328.—*If all, or much of disease is due to a purgation of the astral body, a throwing out of evil there confined or engendered, is not the physician doing his patient a disservice and creating bad karma for himself in trying to cure the disease?*

ANSWER.—All must surely depend on the meaning attached to the word "cure." To cover up defects, to suppress the process of purgation, would surely be a disservice. When initiated priests of the temples were the physicians (called "Healers," those who made people whole), their method was probably to work with the Law and thus to get rid of the trouble. If the physician of to-day tries to maintain right thought and right action as a part of his "calling," may there not be a karmic relation between the physician, the patient who consults him, and the Law which brings them together. Let the physician reverently employ the means provided by Nature—again the Law—and the process of curing, literally taking proper care, is a part of the process of Karma. Besides, the hour may have come for the illness to be dispersed, and it may be the Law that provides the physician and the means at his disposal. But of course there could be no "cure" without the coöperation of the patient, and one who is in the right condition for being made whole. A. K.

ANSWER.—Does not the true physician seek only to aid the patient to purge himself, either by strengthening mind and body to endure the necessary pain or by clearing the channels through which the astral poison can find an outlet? S. V.

ANSWER.—We have also heard of one whose Karma it was to suffer many things at the hands of many physicians, before coming into the presence of the Great Physician. Surely, a physician must do his best, but sometimes his ministrations may be, in reality, the final castigation that Karma has to bestow before the door to relief can be opened. E.

ANSWER.—Whatever the origin of disease may be, in a particular case, the duty of the physician is to cure it by any legitimate means at his command. His province is not that of a Lord of Karma, but of a reliever and healer of suffering. If Karma forbid a cure, the physician may rest assured his efforts will be in vain; he will have done his duty, and that is all that need concern him. S.

ANSWER.—There is real danger of rendering the patient a disservice. Christian Science methods, for instance, tend to drive back to the inner planes the disease that nature is seeking to throw off through the physical plane. Modern surgical practice also may do great harm, by its readiness to remove, by operation, important parts of the human anatomy, with whose function science does not happen to be familiar. Ideally, no one but a chêla, a servant of the Divine who understands the whole nature of man, should be a physician, as only he could be counted on to find the true cause of the trouble and to point out the remedy. But how many patients would perseveringly apply his remedies? If the moral cause be not removed, the disease, checked in one direction, will sooner or later break out in another. The cure of its first manifestation may, however, have been the means of giving the patient another chance to attack its moral cause within himself. J. F. B. M.

NOTICE

The regular meetings of the New York Branch of The Theosophical Society are held at 64 Washington Mews, on alternate Saturday evenings, beginning at half past eight and closing at ten o'clock. Those of the winter of 1927 are on January 1st, 15th, 29th; February 12th and 26th; March 12th and 26th; April 9th, 23rd and 30th. (Subsequent meetings to be announced.) Visitors are welcome. The location of 64 Washington Mews is on the north side of the Mews, now the first door from the Fifth Avenue entrance—the Mews running midway between 8th Street and Washington Square, North.

STANDARD BOOKS

Blavatsky, H. P.	Isis Unveiled, Vols. I and II	cloth, $10.00
	Key to Theosophy	cloth, 2.50
	Secret Doctrine, The, Vols. I and II and Index	cloth, 17.00
	Complete in one book, without subject-index volume,	7.50
	Theosophical Glossary	cloth, 3.50
	Transactions of the Blavatsky Lodge	cloth, 2.50
	Voice of the Silence	cloth, .85, leather, 1.50
Cavé.	Fragments, Volume I	boards, 1.00
	Volume II	boards, 1.00
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	Song of Life, The	paper, .75
Judge, William Q.	Bhagavad Gita	Edited; cloth, .75; leather, 1.50
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	Echoes from the Orient	cloth, .60
	Letters That Have Helped Me, Volume I and II, each	cloth, 1.00
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	Patanjali's Yoga Aphorisms	cloth, .75; leather, 1.50
Keightley, Archibald.	Spiritual Life, The	paper, .20
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LaDow, Stanley V.	Plotinus	paper, .50
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Philosophical: Abridgment of the Secret Doctrine; Isis Unveiled; Key to Theosophy; Plotinus; Reincarnation; The Secret Doctrine; Talks on Religion; Theosophical Glossary; Transactions; Patanjali's Yoga Sutras.

Introductory: Culture of Concentration; Echoes from the Orient; Esoteric Buddhism; Idyll of the White Lotus; Meditation; The Occult World; The Ocean of Theosophy; The Theosophical Society and Theosophy.

The Theosophical Society

Founded by H. P. Blavatsky at New York in 1875

THE Society does not pretend to be able to establish at once a universal brotherhood among men, but only strives to create the nucleus of such a body. Many of its members believe that an acquaintance with the world's religions and philosophies will reveal, as the common and fundamental principle underlying these, that "spiritual identity of all Souls with the Oversoul" which is the basis of true brotherhood; and many of them also believe that an appreciation of the finer forces of nature and man will still further emphasize the same idea.

The organization is wholly unsectarian, with no creed, dogma, nor personal authority to enforce or impose; neither is it to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who are expected to accord to the beliefs of others that tolerance which they desire for their own.

The following proclamation was adopted at the Convention of the Society, held at Boston, April, 1895:

"The Theosophical Society in America by its delegates and members in Convention assembled, does hereby proclaim fraternal good will and kindly feeling toward all students of Theosophy and members of Theosophical Societies wherever and however situated. It further proclaims and avers its hearty sympathy and association with such persons and organizations in all theosophical matters except those of government and administration, and invites their correspondence and co-operation.

"To all men and women of whatever caste, creed, race, or religious belief, who aim at the fostering of peace, gentleness, and unselfish regard one for another, and the acquisition of such knowledge of men and nature as shall tend to the elevation and advancement of the human race, it sends most friendly greeting and freely proffers its services.

"It joins hands with all religions and religious bodies whose efforts are directed to the purification of men's thoughts and the bettering of their ways, and it avows its harmony therewith. To all scientific societies and individual searchers after wisdom upon whatever plane, and by whatever righteous means pursued, it is and will be grateful for such discovery and unfoldment of Truth as shall serve to announce and confirm a *scientific basis for ethics*.

"And lastly, it invites to its membership those who, seeking a higher life hereafter, would learn to know the *path* to tread in this."

Applications for membership should be addressed to the Secretary T. S., P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York.